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# Maclean's

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST 15, 1938

Stories by:

Richard Howells Watkins

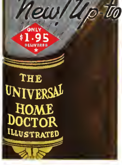
Paul Annixter

Laurie Hillyer

and

Beverley Baxter's London Letter

THE LARGEST MAGAZINE CIRCULATION IN CANADA



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MAMMOTH NEW MEDICAL REFERENCE

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THIS GREAT BOOK merits a place in every Canadian home—the very latest, most reliable family medical reference work comprising 832 pages, over 600,000 words, thousands of vital, authentic facts, and hundreds of practical photographs, illustrations and detailed anatomical drawings. "The Universal Home Doctor" has actually been compiled in Harley Street, the medical centre of London, and edited personally by an eminent Harley Street physician. Every one of its 2,500 subjects has been written by an acknowledged expert.

*"The Universal Home Doctor is modern and quite reliable,"* comments a Canadian medical authority who has examined the book. You must not miss this exceptional opportunity of securing a copy of this invaluable book—now offered for sale in Canada, and at an amazingly low price. Everyone — married or single, man or woman, young, middle aged or advanced in years—will find full and frank advice on their own intimate problems of health and hygiene.

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Reference books written only a few years ago are today out of date—and in an emergency may fail you by being unable to supply you at a critical moment with those vital facts which may make all the difference.

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### Know Your Body!

The Universal Home Doctor contains many hundreds of practical photographs, illustrations and detailed anatomical diagrams of the human body all specially prepared under the supervision of leading medical authorities. To know your own body is essential to a happy healthy life. In the pages of this wonderful book you are shown at a glance how your body is made how it works where warning pains occur and how to render first aid in times of emergency.

### Many Invaluable Supplements

A feature of this unique work is the many invaluable supplements. A number of the subjects covered in these special sections is given below. The Baby, Beauty Culture, Hygiene, Remedial Exercises First Aid Diet (by a famous British physician) Child Welfare Ante-natal care Infant welfare Milk Supply The unmarried mother and her child The pre-school child The elementary school child etc., etc.

### Strong, Handsome Binding

The Universal Home Doctor has 832 large pages of beautiful ivory finish paper, with special glossy surface to reproduce perfectly the many detailed illustrations. The book is 8 inches deep by 6½ inches wide has a coloured dustproof top and weighs nearly 3 pounds. Every copy has a superb full-color diagnostic diagram of the human body for its frontispiece. The book is bound in rich Red Morocco-grained Art Leather with lettering in real 22 carat gold.

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A limited supply of these splendid books has been secured for Canadian sale. Make sure of your copy by sending your order NOW on the special Order Form below with your remittance for $1.95 which includes the cost of packaging, postage and insurance. Each copy will be mailed in a single carton to ensure safe delivery. Orders will be filled in strict rotation as they are received. At this time of year, when late summer and fall epidemics are a source of anxiety, this book should be in your home for quick reference.

**THIS OFFER FOR CANADA ONLY!**

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I understand that if the book is not as advertised I may return it in good condition within five days, when my purchase price will be refunded.

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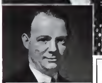
# "WE WANT YOUR CAR TO GIVE ITS BEST – *and so much depends on the gas you use"*

O. F. COOKE, service manager for O'Donnell-Mackie Ltd., Lincoln-Ford agency in Toronto, says: "Split second acceleration and maximum fuel economy demand the use of a high grade gasoline. Ethyl allows for top-notch setting of ignition timing—and that is what gives engines 'zip'."



EDDIE McGRATH, service manager for Anderson McLaughlin Buick Pontiac Ltd. in Toronto, says: "We can adjust the spark and throttle of our cars to take all types of gasoline. But to get the maximum results from today's motor car, we recommend Ethyl."

**SO SAY scores of car service managers all over the country. They tell us that your car's performance depends on the grade of gasoline you use. What do they mean? Just this:**

The farther you advance the spark of a modern high compression car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a device—variously called "distributor adjuster," "Octane Selector," etc.—for setting the spark for each of these three grades of gasoline.

And the performance of *your* car depends upon the grade of gasoline and spark setting, as shown in the 3-pump panel at the bottom of this page.

A. L. ELLSWORTH, service manager of Leggatt's Garage, Dodge-DeSoto dealers in Hamilton says: "We advise the use of Ethyl to our owners as we feel that by using Ethyl they can get maximum performance. Ethyl eliminates objectionable ping when a motor is tuned to its highest efficiency."

## YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES

**Poor performance**
*with "low grade" gasoline*
There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."

**Good performance**
*with "regular" gasoline*
Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."

**Best performance**
*with gasoline containing "ETHYL"*
Gasoline with "ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has enough anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully advanced* for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

**ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION,** *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

# Maclean's

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## Maclean's Editorials

## The "Constitutional" Communist Unmasked

IN VARIOUS parts of Canada avowed Communists have been elected to civic office.

Others have been or will be candidates in parliamentary elections.

Through its secretary, Tim Buck, the Communist Party of Canada presented a brief to the Rowell Commission.

Mr. Buck and his colleagues have stated that they no longer believe in revolution by force of arms, that they intend to follow the constitutional methods of British democracy.

We have before us a copy of The Theses and Statutes of the Communist International.

On page six of the Statutes there is this declaration:

> "In order to overthrow the international bourgeoisie and to create an international Soviet Republic as a transition stage to the complete abolition of the state, the Communist International will use all means at its disposal, **including force of arms.**"

On page nineteen of the same document there is this statement:

> "It is especially necessary to carry on illegal work in the army, navy and police. . . . On the other hand it is also necessary in all cases without exception not to limit oneself to illegal work, but to carry on also legal work overcoming all difficulties, founding a legal press and legal organizations under the most diverse circumstances, and, in case of need, **frequently changing names.**"

On page twenty: "The Communist parties must create a new type of periodical press for extensive circulation among the workmen. (1) legal publications, in which the Communists without calling themselves such and without mentioning their connection with the party, would learn to utilize the slightest possibility allowed by the laws. . . ."

Page twenty-eight, clause eleven: "Parties desirous of joining the Third International shall be bound to inspect the personnel of their parliamentary factions, to remove all unreliable elements therefrom, to control such factions not only verbally but in reality, and to subordinate them to the Central Committee of the Party, and to **demand from each Communist representative in Parliament to subject his entire activity to the interests of real revolutionary propaganda and agitation.**"

Under the heading "Communism, the Struggle for the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and the Utilization of the Bourgeois Parliament," the following instructions are given:

> "Communism repudiates parliamentarism as the form of the future. . . . Its aim is to destroy parliamentarism. Therefore it is only possible to speak of utilizing the bourgeois State organizations with the object of destroying them. The question can only and exclusively be discussed on such a plane."
>
> "Against participation in a political campaign, one should not use the argument that Parliament is a bourgeois government institution. **The Communist Party enters such institutions not for the purpose of organization work, but in order to direct the masses to blow up the whole bourgeois machinery and the Parliament itself from within.**"
>
> "If the Communists have the majority in the local government institutions, they must: (a) carry on a revolutionary opposition against the bourgeois central authority; (b) do all for the aid of the poor population (economical measures, establishment or attempt to establish an armed workers' militia); (c) point out on every occasion the barriers which the bourgeois State power puts against really great changes; (d) develop on this basis the sharpest revolutionary propaganda without fearing a conflict with the State authorities."
>
> "Each Communist representative must remember that he is not a 'legislator' who is bound to seek agreements with the other legislators, but an agitator of the party, detailed into the enemy's camp in order to carry out the orders of the party there. **The Communist member is answerable not to the wide mass of his constituents, but to his own Communist party—whether legal or illegal.**"

Canadian Communists who assert that they no longer subscribe to these Statutes are merely carrying out their instructions.

They **must** subscribe to them or be drummed out of the Communist Party.

Study the above extracts well. They may explain a lot of things that have been happening in Canada in recent years.

They provide ample reason for a question as to the real genesis of such movements as Social Credit and the attempts of their sponsors to undermine public faith in established government institutions.

We do not suggest that Premier Aberhart is a Communist in disguise, nor that his lieutenants are Communists in disguise.

But is it impossible that, without knowing it, they have been influenced by others who were sworn to obey The Theses and Statutes of the Communist International?

## Travel Racket

TO MANY people of small means, the cargo ship has provided an opportunity for trans-ocean travel.

It also seems to have created an offshoot which is suspiciously akin to a racket.

The best cargo lines do provide excellent accommodation.

But in certain cities there have sprung up so-called "travel agencies" which operate in a dubious manner.

People who have had the experience tell us that false information is given concerning the cabin space sold; that passengers are hustled on board at the last minute so that they haven't time to complain when they find they are on a tramp steamer of slow speed and uncertain destination, and that the accommodation is totally unsuited to white collar people.

If you think of going abroad via cargo ship, deal only with well-established travel agencies and shipping companies.

If you have any doubt at all, before you buy a ticket, consult the nearest branch of the Better Business Bureau, The Chamber of Commerce or the Board of Trade.

FREE EVERY WEEK FOR SIX WEEKS
$1000.00 Cash
Plus 25 Northern Electric 6-TUBE Mirrophonic RADIOS EVERY WEEK!

For CANADA ONLY
(GIVES YOU A BETTER CHANCE TO WIN)
JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE IN 25 WORDS OR LESS
"Oxydol is my favourite laundry soap because________
ENTER NOW! First contest closes midnight August 21, with another contest each week through September 25

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER:—
Purpose of Contest:—To introduce more women to the amazing new "no-scrub" laundry soap—OXYDOL.

Here's the contest you've been waiting for—limited to residents of Canada only! It gives you 26 chances to win each week—a thrilling new contest each and every week for 6 consecutive weeks.

Think of it! $1,000 in cash to be given free each week for 6 weeks. With additional prizes of 25 Northern Electric 6-tube Mirrophonic radios awarded every 7 days. That means a total of $13,500 in prizes to be awarded in Canada exclusively—no entries eligible from the U. S.

This Will Help You

What you do is easy as A, B, C. Just finish the sentence, "OXYDOL is my favourite laundry soap because . . ."—in 25 words or less. It takes only 5 minutes of your time—but may bring you as much as $1,000 in cash!

In finishing your sentence, remember that Oxydol is the new "no-scrub, no-boil" soap that does these 4 amazing things:—

(1) Soaks dirt loose in 15 minutes without scrubbing or boiling. (2) Cup for cup Oxydol gets clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter than old-fashioned soaps. (3) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% compared with old-fashioned methods. (4) Yet so safe that every washable color comes out sparkling fresh!

Further hints on winning are shown above entry blank at right.

Get Busy Right NOW!

Remember there is a new contest each week for 6 weeks—26 new chances each week to win $1,000 or one of 25 long and short-wave 6-tube Northern Electric radios. Start now—and enter as many times as you wish!

Think what you could do with $1,000 cash dropped right in your lap—and get busy right away. Ask for OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail your entry today. Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada Ltd.

MADE IN CANADA

Registered Trade Mark

OXYDOL

WINNERS ANNOUNCED ONLY OVER RADIO
For further details of the OXYDOL All-Canadian $1,000 A Week Contest, tune in "Ma Perkins" or "The Goldbergs." Winners will be announced daily on both of these programs beginning Monday, September 5. See local paper for exact time of broadcast.

RETAIL PRICE $49.50

150 NORTHERN ELECTRIC MIRROPHONIC RADIOS GIVEN FREE
(Choice of Electric or Battery Models)
THE newest thing in radio! Northern Electric 6-tube Mirrophonic—Model 602. Two wave bands enable you to get Canadian, American and foreign long-and-short wave broadcasts. Distance getting power and sensitivity that will amaze you. Automatic Volume Control prevents fading and blasting. Beautiful cabinet finished in figured and olived walnut veneer. Front panel enriched with 2 bands of golden. Size 17 x 11½ x 8¼ inches. Regular retail value $49.50. See this beautiful radio at your local Northern Electric dealer's—and send your entry today.
NOTE:—Winners in non-electric areas will be given choice of 6-tube Mirrophonic Battery Model, regular broadcast band only, without batteries or 4 tube Mirrophonic Battery Model (with batteries complete).

HERE ARE THE EASY RULES
1. Finish the sentence, "OXYDOL is my favourite laundry soap because . . ." writing 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank in lower right hand corner or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.
2. Enclose one box top from any size package of OXYDOL (or facsimile) with each entry. Mail to OXYDOL, Department ML, Montreal, Quebec, making sure to use sufficient postage.
3. There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Closing dates are as follows:
1st contest closes Aug. 21
2nd contest closes Aug. 28
3rd contest closes Sept. 4
4th contest closes Sept. 11
5th contest closes Sept. 18
6th contest closes Sept. 25
4. Entries received before Monday, August 15th, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the sixth week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, Sunday, September 25, 1938. You can enter each week's contest, and enter as often each week as you choose. Be sure to enclose an OXYDOL box top (or a facsimile) with each entry.
5. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity and individuality of thought concerning the qualities of OXYDOL. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents and ideas therein, become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries will be returned.
6. Anyone may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, the Northern Electric Company, Ltd., their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to Canada and are subject to all Dominion, Provincial and Local laws and regulations.
7. Prizes in each weekly contest are: First prize, $1,000 cash; 25 second prizes of Northern Electric Mirrophonic 6-tube radios. Winners of $1,000 prizes will be notified by telegram. Winners of radios will be notified by mail. Names of all winners will be announced shortly after each contest closes over these OXYDOL radio programs: "Ma Perkins," "The Goldbergs," "Rex Principals," and "The Gamble Club."

Read These Hints On How To Win:—
FIRST decide what things you like best about OXYDOL. Then complete the statement to include your points. For example, if you like the way OXYDOL saves work as well as clothes, you might say: "OXYDOL gives me better results because it soaks dirt loose without scrubbing and saves my clothes from washboard wear and tear."
Or if you like the way OXYDOL cuts washing time and gets clothes whiter, you might say—"OXYDOL is my favourite laundry soap because it gets my clothes so much whiter, saves time on washday and is safe for colors and hands."
Remember, simple, original statements are what the judges want. No fancy writing—no high-flown language. Just your own honest opinion of OXYDOL, expressed in everyday language as though you were talking to your next door neighbor. The above statements are merely examples. You can probably think up dozens of better ones without half trying. For additional hints and ideas, read descriptive matter on package of OXYDOL.
But the big thing is to get busy right away. And—don't make the mistake of thinking your sentence is not good enough. In a recent contest one of the big winners was a twelve year old girl. So send in your entry right now. Let the judges decide.

ENTRY BLANK For Oxydol's Special Canadian $1,000-A-Week Contest! Enter Now!
"Oxydol is my favourite laundry soap because________
________"
(Complete the above sentence in 25 additional words or less)
OXYDOL, Dept. ML, Montreal, Quebec.
Gentlemen: Here is my entry. I am enclosing an OXYDOL box-top (or facsimile).
Name ________
Address ________
City ________ Province ________

And now—after Half a Century—it still flies on across the Years, reflecting the glory of New World Invention in every nation on Earth

THE Arrow of Inspiration gains eminence in flight from the force of new Ideas and the uplift of old Ideals.

Once these forces are allowed to lapse the Arrow falls from sight But renew Ideas and preserve Ideals and the bowman's inspiration lives long after him—his Arrow carries on.

Passing adversity may momentarily obscure its brilliance but always it is winging its way through the clouds until presently it emerges in the sun freshened and more resplendent than before.

Behind it but invisible to admiring beholders are the bowman's sincerity and genius and a trail of fine development as long as the Arrow's flight

You know many achievements like this—you use them daily A certain motor car that has survived a fleet now long forgotten A certain watch or clock basically older than memory and as reliable as the sun Certain tried and true remedies as dependable as the seasons. Certain prepared foods as wholesome as eggs and milk The electric light above your head and the telephone at your elbow The streamline train that bears you safely home through the storm and the airplane that transports you over impassable mountains with the ease of a bird

There is something noble about these seasoned survivors For each, like the Parker Fountain Pen is as modern as tomorrow—yet each one started out far back in the years as an Arrow of Inspiration shot into Time and Space by some aspiring bowman like the late George S. Parker.

It was thus, in 1888 that he founded The Parker Pen Company Today this company's pedigreed Pens and Pencils are sold and favoured in every nation on earth

So on this Parker's SEMI-CENTENNIAL, we salute all kindred spirits of achievement—big and little Many of them have crossed the intervening years with us, or have joined us on the way And they're still on the wing!

We salute their officers their employees and their customers. Recently they have everywhere sweepingly acclaimed our latest creation—the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic Today in North America people buy almost as many Parker Pens as all other standard makes combined Thus do they reward us—and reward us well—for our fidelity to the high standards set by our founder exactly Half a Century ago.

The Parker Fountain Pen Company Limited, Toronto.

1888 SEMI-CENTENNIAL 1938
Parker
VACUMATIC

Junior or Juniorette $5 Standard or Slender Standard, $7.50
Major $8.75 Maxima or Senior Maxima, $10
Pencils to match, $3.50, $3.75, $4, $5

"You can't marry a man like Quintard." "Why not?" demanded Sally

# Young Man of the Sea

### By RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

IN THE lee of the islands the wind eased up Walt Rugdon relaxed his grip on the tiller then stretched his cramped body and looked expectantly at the green land.

Sailing alone, his mind had narrowed to the one urgent task of keeping his little sloop from being overpowered by the boisterous wind and sea that harried the Bay of Fundy Now his mind broadened again to take in more than the lifting bow and the charging white-capped waves beyond it He pulled the dripping detail chart from under the cockpit bench shook the water off his face and studied the entrance to the harbor

Summer came back as he closed with the hilly little islands. The warm sun drove the chill of unending spray out of his tired body Able little *Taejong* had taken a stiff dusting, and come through it like a big offshore cruising craft.

"This singlehanded stuff is tough," Walt muttered. "But how she stands up to it!"

As the curving passage between the green, tree-lined banks opened up before his little sloop Walt turned his eyes ahead and tucked the chart under his leg. Plenty of water for *Taejong* in that narrow channel

**Sally was a sailor and so was Walt—Trouble was Sally persisted in sailing with the wrong man**

A metre cruiser was anchored in that landlocked quiet estuary Her swimming ladder was out and from her deck and the waters around her came shouts and laughter Walt caught the quick downward swoop from the bridgehouse of a brown body in a brief blue swimming suit He watched until the girl's head broke through the green water and frowned at her

"Every confounded girl in Nova Scotia looks like Sally to me these days," he told himself "I hope a red jellyfish gets her"

The shore—a rocky wooded shore, with sandy strips here and there—rose close to the bow of his boat and he swung the tiller Obediently *Taejong* with fluttering sails, swung around on the other tack and headed directly toward the motor cruiser Not a house in sight nothing but sea sky and land with a few anchored yachts.

Two hundred feet from the high beamy motorboat Walt let go her jib halyard headed the sloop into the wind and ran forward He gathered in the sail with the slight effort of long familiarity and had the anchor clear to lower as *Taejong* lost the last of her way Next moment he had loosed the mainsail halyards. Gently the boat brought up on the anchor line

Before he tackled the job of putting the boat to bed for the night he dived over to get a quick swim When he lifted his head out of the water for a look ahead after a hundred feet of brisk crawling he found himself within ten feet of the girl in the blue bathing suit.

SHE WAS still Sally Train after he had looked at her for a good thirty seconds.

"Try it with one eye at a time" the girl suggested.

Walt stared past her at the motor cruiser The name was *Nymph* but neither that nor the boat's looks conveyed anything to him She wasn't the kind of motorboat that he admired, although he prided himself on not being prejudiced about some of them

"What're you doing here?" he demanded.

"Cruising."

"I thought you'd quit the water because it made men too dictatorial," he said. "Who're you with, anyhow?"

"It's a family party, really," Sally said. "My fiancé, Clive Quintard—you know him, don't you?—his sister, her husband and the Bassetts."

Walt's chin sank under water before he began kicking vigorously again. He looked away from Sally at the high-sided motor cruiser.

"I—I didn't know Quintard had a boat," he muttered.

"He hasn't. He bought *Nymph* to surprise me."

Walt looked again at the cruiser. "I'll bet you were surprised." He glanced back at *Taeping*.

"Clive isn't the sort to get dictatorial, so it's all right," Sally said evenly.

"Look here, Sally," Walt said. "Come over a minute, won't you?"

"Why not?"

Sally swam easily beside him, although he moved rapidly. Sally took plenty of beating in the water.

On the afterdeck of *Taeping* he sat and stared at her for long seconds before he bubbled over.

"You can't marry a mu—man like Quintard, Sally!"

Sally opened her eyes widely. She was Sally, all right, and yet she wasn't Sally. She was as remote as if she were looking at him from a moving-picture screen.

"Why not?"

Walt Rigdon waved an arm. Surely she must see. Surely that question didn't need an answer. But it did. Sally waited calmly.

"He isn't—at all your sort."

"Are you trying to tell me things again, Walt?"

"No, but—what if I am? This proves you need somebody to do it."

Sally stood up. "You're definitely not the man."

"Walt!" he implored. He had everything to say had no words to say it with.

"It may interest you to know that Clive can make requests on a boat instead of barking out orders," Sally said. She was poised on her toes for a dive. "You told me it couldn't be done."

"What's—what's Quintard taking people cruising on that big ark for when he doesn't know anything about boats?" Walt demanded.

He had to say something to keep her here, and that was the most polite question he could think of. But even as he spoke it didn't sound too good.

"You aren't getting anywhere, Walt."

"The sea isn't a four-lane highway," Walt argued. "He has the money to buy that thing, but that shouldn't give him the right to be called master of it and allowed to go bumbling around loose on the water."

"He has two competent deck hands and he knows enough to get along very well," she said. "Of course he isn't as salty and spray-drenched as you are."

"Having a good time, Sally?"

She turned her steady blue eyes on him. "I'm having a grand time," she said. "*Nymph*'s so big and spacious, and she gets places so fast and so surely."

"As good a time as you and I have had on *Taeping* day sailing?"

"You're hardly diplomatic, Walt," she warned him. "But I'm really having a much better time. I love cruising."

"You—monkey wrenching!" he said and shook his head. Irrelevantly he added, "It took me two hours to lose half a mile against a foul tide in the bay this morning before I raised a breeze. And then I got nearly too much."

He bent over with exaggerated effort and peered into the low cabin of the sloop. "I had a piece of cake for dessert at supper, and all last night I kept hitting the cabin ceiling with my tummy," he complained. "And when I cook below on that alcohol burner it's even money whether I burn or suffocate first."

He swung around to confront her suddenly. "But I'm sailing, Sally!"

SHE started to pull on her cap. He stopped talking as he saw that a dinghy was coming toward them from *Nymph*. Clive Quintard, rowing with slow, correct strokes, was alone in it. His stomach, Walt noted with some slight satisfaction, would hit the cabin ceiling long before his own. It projected a bit beyond the confines of Quintard's high-waisted swimming trunks. Beyond that, however, he was a personable, nearly young man with an authoritative mustache. As usual he was smiling, a habitual, rather vague smile.

"Taxi, lady?" he called to Sally. "How are you, Walt? Ah—cruising, I see."

His voice was very friendly, his eyes, politely ironical, surveyed the small sloop as he drew alongside and lifted out his oarlock.

"Sailing," Walt responded. "Come aboard?"

"Thanks, no." He wasn't so much emphatic about it as firm. "Thought I'd come over and tell you, Walt, our radio reports half a gale on its way up the coast from New England. Small-boat warning out. Strong westerly winds. Coming back, Sally?"

"Thanks," said Walt. "I had a touch of air this afternoon. Well, this harbor looks like a good place to be windbound for a couple of days."

"Yes, it is," Clive Quintard agreed at once. "We're going on to Digby tomorrow."

Walt frowned. "Look here, the weather bureau doesn't fly a small-boat warning for nothing. I've been out a couple of times when the flag was up and I didn't like the weather."

"I should say not," Clive Quintard said sympathetically, and again his eyes roved over the low freeboard and slim lines of *Taeping*. He had a way of making casual words cut like knives.

"It can be plenty tough for power boats of your size," Walt persisted.

"Uh-huh?" Quintard's voice conveyed no interest. His smile broadened. "Perhaps we can get you to tag along and give us a hand if anything goes wrong."

"I'll be there," Walt Rigdon promised crisply.

"Fine!" Quintard nodded, smiling. "Coming, Sally?"

"Just a minute," Sally said. "Walt, you're supposed to be a sailor. You are a sailor. I'm sure you won't do anything silly tomorrow."

"Such as going to sea in a teacup with a hard wind promised," Quintard put in softly.

Walt turned pointedly to answer Sally.

"I'll agree not to do anything half as silly as Quintard," he blazed. "You know *Taeping* can take it, Sally; you know that I can handle her. But you don't know that that big house on a raft over there can take it. If *Nymph* stays here till the gale blows out, I'll stay. But if she heads for Digby, that's my course too."

Sally went white during that outburst. Then, slowly, her cheeks gathered color until they flamed. But when she spoke her voice was quiet.

"If you go I'll lose all my respect for you," she said. "*Nymph* is big and powerful. I know *Taeping* is able, but she's small and not built to face ocean gales. I mean what I say, Walt."

Quintard, head averted from Sally, twisted his lips in a wider superior smile that stirred Walt to unreasoning fury.

"Now tell me how amusing *Nymph*'s master is and what a lubber I am!" he rasped. "Order me not to go—even if you are touchy about being ordered about yourself. That would round it out. I thought I'd taught you something about boats, Sally, but I guess it can't be done."

Clive Quintard was still smiling. "Coming, Sally?" he asked quietly.

Nymph came lumbering down. Angrily Walt glared at the wheelhouse of the looming cruiser. He caught his breath at what he saw.

The girl stood up. "Yes, I am, Clive," she said. "I'm coming. Good-by, Walt."

Disregarding the hand Walt thrust out involuntarily to help or stop her, she slipped into the sternsheets of the dinghy. Quickly Quintard pushed off.

WALT watched the dinghy slap through the little harbor waves with miserable eyes.

"Sap!" he said, and he referred to himself. He knew well enough that he had made a fool of himself—or perhaps Quintard had arranged that for him. And he knew, too, that he would go right on making a fool of himself tomorrow. If *Nymph* went out into that westerly buster *Taeping* would follow. And what Sally had said was true enough—the sloop was small, low and with long ends, she was not built for ocean sailing.

But what did a dusting matter? He felt as if somebody were shoving a knife through his chest as the dinghy reached the motorboat and Sally climbed lightly aboard. Sally mattered—badly.

Still cooling off, Walt went on blindly throwing stops around the jib and mainsail and making them fast. The sun was getting close to the edge of the trees to westward but such of the breeze as penetrated that landlocked harbor showed no signs of going down with it. The sadness of sunset dropped on him with redoubled pain.

There was something infernally final about the departure of Sally in that dinghy.

"She's been getting farther away from *Taeping*—and me—for a couple of summers," Walt whispered to himself. "It wasn't just that row we had. I guess this sort of thing doesn't mean much to her any more."

Later in the evening he felt surer about it. The harbor, quiet and dark in its setting of sighing trees, lay under a brilliant moon that cut through ragged, hurrying clouds. The hum and buzz of night insects swept across the black sea water. His dim riding light swung gently in the forestay.

Sitting alone in the cockpit, with *Taeping* stirring to the tide, Walt knew more strongly than ever a heart-lifting feeling for this sort of life. It couldn't be talked about, somehow. But he was at home in a world that meant something to him. For the moment he was at peace with nature and she alone ruled his destiny. No worries, frets and nagging details of life ashore under cover. And in the morning he would wage a clean, hard fight with only his own strong muscles and quick mind to save him from the assaults of the wind and the sea. That kind of fight was good. In these moments he felt sure and honorable kinship with the old adventurers who had plowed on through new strange oceans.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

He had often thought, as Sally and he had driven *Taeping* through leaping waves against a head wind, that she felt as he felt a fierce exhilaration, that she tasted the true salt on her red lips.

But now . . . Across the water came the raucous voice of a comedian. Though he was far distant in some windowless studio in a city of stone, his voice was yet able to cut through the primeval noises of the night here in the little harbor sheltered in the arms of an island in the sea. That fellow didn't belong here. And he was allowed to come by a twist of Clive Quintard's fingers on a dial in his thickly upholstered chunk of machinery studded with and operated by buttons and gauges.

Walt stood up, with a hand on the boom, and looked toward the ensnared *Nymph*. Her deck windows and portholes were a blaze of lights, as discordant to eyes as that voice was to ears. And Sally was over there, having a grand time.

Impulsively Walt stripped off his shirt and trousers, kicked off his rope-soled sandals and dived over the side. The water was cold velvet to his skin. With an underwater stroke that made no sound in the rippling coolness he swam toward the *Nymph*. Perhaps Sally wasn't having a grand time; perhaps she was sitting alone on deck looking out onto his world and her own. Perhaps she was having a night swim too.

THAT thought sent him churning faster toward *Nymph*. Before he was halfway to the cruiser the voice of the comedian was cut off in mid-sentence, to be succeeded instantly by an orchestra. Walt swam on, straining his eyes. Suddenly he stopped.

They were dancing on the tiny afterdeck of *Nymph*. Walt caught sight of Sally, dancing gaily with Quintard. He turned, grim-faced, toward his dim riding light.

In *Taeping*'s cockpit again he cursed himself for a sentimental fool. Why shouldn't people listen to radios and dance on a night like this if that was what pleased them? And because a girl could sail didn't mean she felt about sailing as he did. That was how he tried to reason, but he didn't convince himself.

He stood on the foredeck, legs spread to balance himself against the roll, and gazed again at the noisy *Nymph*.

"Maybe that's what they call reaching maturity," he muttered bitterly. "Okay; I'll stay young."

The music from *Nymph* came to a quirky end. And suddenly Sally took shape among the shifting forms on the afterdeck of the cruiser. She had come to the rail and was standing there alone, looking out over the quiet reaches of the harbor. And she was kin to the night and the wind and the water, as if the boat on which she stood did not exist.

For only a moment was she alone, but in that moment Walt knew surely that he had to have Sally, that life would be a tormenting and meaningless mess without her. For better or worse—the words had a bite to them now.

"Maybe I'll fight with her over orders—but that won't be a patch on how I'll fight to get her," he told the harbor grimly. "I'll fight her and Quintard and the sea. If I have to, I'll follow her into this gale as far as *Taeping* will take me. I know now."

He hit the slim mast of his ship a hearty smack that bruised his knuckles. Indecision was gone. He might be tackling the impossible—he wasn't fooling himself about that—but he was tackling it wholeheartedly with all he had. Singing exultantly, he slipped down into the small cabin that was all the shelter permitted by *Taeping*'s low, racing lines. She had headroom if you sat down on the after end of one of the two bunks. Briskly he began shifting the little stove, his oilskins, the chart, cooking utensils and food from his own starboard bunk into the narrow space he had for storage between the two bunks and forward of them. Cramped quarters, but he put nothing on the other bunk. That port bunk was never littered with gear. He did not look at it now, but he knew why he had kept it clear.

That night Walt never lost consciousness of ripples gently slapping the bow of *Taeping*, and the wind that ceaselessly rustled the treetops along the shores and hummed softly in the shrouds. Such a breeze was a promise of weather on the morrow.

THE DAWN fulfilled the promise. It was a red and ragged dawn, a windy dawn if ever Walt had seen one. Hungry little kingfishers were plunging into wavelets that were white-crested and whispering even in this landlocked place. The wind was crashing through the swaying treetops.

Walt took in his riding light and had a quick swim and a quick breakfast. To make sure of a fast getaway he took two reefs in the mainsail and then stood by, watching *Nymph*. Sally and Quintard's sister came out for a dive or two, and Quintard himself stood on deck to watch them. Breakfast on her was a slow affair. It looked as if the motor cruiser would lie to her anchor that day.

"Quintard has that much sense," Walt told himself hopefully. He didn't want Sally out in that gale.

There was no sun now, nothing but a sky full of grey torn clouds hurrying to make way for more quite as ragged and wild looking.

About ten o'clock Quintard's two hands went forward. Walt frowned. They began getting in the anchor. They worked the windlass rapidly. She was going out. His heart dropped.

"Ignorant swab," Walt growled, leaping into action with a grim face.

*Nymph* was under way and passing *Taeping* before he could get up his shortened mainsail. Quintard at the wheel raised a hand in smiling farewell. Sally and the others stood on the bridge deck, watching him. Walt was too busy with his halyards to see more than that. By the time he had broken out his anchor and filled away, *Nymph* had vanished around the head in the entrance.

*Taeping*, with the wind almost astern, went scudding out after the motor cruiser. Walt scrambled into his oilskin slicker and tightly cinched up the chin strap of his sou'wester.

As the rocky shores opened out ahead, the island's shelter lessened. The breeze stiffened. Quickly Walt pulled the slide and closed the doors of the cabin. His little ship would need all her buoyancy today.

Through the bay the tide was running southwest with a rush that dragged under big channel buoys. Against that current *Taeping* could have done nothing, but her course lay across the tidal stream. She flew toward the Bay. That way lay Digby, and that way *Nymph*, smaller ahead of him, was steering.

Though he was not yet well out into the Bay, Walt got a foretaste of the seas that would be piling up that narrowing funnel from the angry Atlantic fighting the tide. He held *Taeping* to it as spray began to pelt over her. She was thrusting through the chop here where the seas had not built up. A big one flung her high and then dropped her into the trough. The towering back of the comber cut off the wind that had been filling the foot of the sail. Her mainsail flogged suddenly.

"If they're no worse than that, *Taeping* can take 'em," Walt told himself, but he knew they would be worse. He looked toward *Nymph*.

The big motor cruiser, with wind and sea abeam, was rolling and making leeway. She was still riding well enough. Seaworthy, Walt conceded, but gave her no

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. . . no one understood his strategy.

# Backstage at Ottawa

## By A POLITICIAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

CARTOONS BY GRASSICK

THIS IS to be no "now-it-can-be-told" piece. But so much has been written about the late (and in many cases lamented) Conservative convention so much that is untrue or half true it may be a good deed to set down its real story in perhaps better perspective.

The convention, to begin with, got off badly. With its stage set perfectly with an attendance of delegates notable for quality and quantity, with everything that organizing skill could do to make its mechanics faultless, it was thrown into division and turmoil in the first hour of its first sitting.

And unintentionally. The claim that Arthur Meighen made an Imperialistic speech to split the convention and hurt Manion is 100 per cent wrong. As wrong as the further claim that Meighen was "used" to make the speech, that he was "tricked" into making it.

Meighen was asked to make the speech (Bennett apparently wanted it made) but it was the sort of speech he himself thought should be made anyway. For weeks, in the Senate, he had been trying to discover whether the Government had rebuffed a London request for a flying school in Canada. When on the last day of the session Premier King admitted that London had been rebuffed, Meighen thought he saw a chance to hit his old antagonist. Hit him he did (and Meighen once more the old gladiator never hit harder) but that, after Meighen's heart, was all the speech meant. Or was intended to mean. When it caused a split, all but torpedoed the convention then and there, no one was more astonished than Meighen. He hadn't been talking for any candidate or to any province or group. He was talking (as he thought) for the party.

And Meighen was for Manion. The writer of this Notebook can say that. He has no doubt about it.

Yet the speech, in its consequences, rocked the convention. Quebec delegates interpreted it as treachery, as a declaration of war upon their influence. In the succeeding two days, only the persuasion of a few cooler heads averted outright schism. Tactically, apart altogether from the merits of the principle it expounded, the performance was a ghastly blunder.

(Certain writers, attributing a Machiavellian cunning to Mr. King, claim that the Prime Minister, who withheld his statement on the British request until four days before the convention opened, set a trap for Meighen and Bennett which they proceeded to walk into. A fine theory for the Oppenheims of politics, it is only a theory. Liberal strategists in Ottawa wish to heaven that Mr. King's gifts included such a talent.)

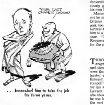
From this first blunder the convention never recovered. No one was strong enough to steady it. Behind closed doors a resolutions committee floundered hopelessly. On the convention floor and in the rotunda and rooms of the Chateau Laurier delegates floundered even more hopelessly. And without direction. Manion, with an almost solid Quebec delegation behind him plus other support as well, was the strongest leadership contender. But the "Old Guard" was against him.

Actually the "Old Guard" didn't seem to know who or what it was for. Confused, indecisive, not knowing exactly where it was going or what it wanted, it lacked the power to give orders, lost control of the delegates entirely. Mr. Bennett, always remote, remained mysterious to the end. General McRae, apparently for Manion (he would be for anybody not wanted by Bennett) was cagey throughout. Mr. Howard Ferguson, heading an eleventh hour drive to keep Bennett, was a perfect example of industrious futility. And so to the end. Even Meighen, withstanding terrific pressure upon him to put on his armor again, gave no lead to anybody. And the others didn't count.

Meighen could have led the convention by the mere lifting of a hand. Manion would have stood against him, and also the majority of delegates from Quebec, yet Meighen would have been the victor. But even when powerful interests finally beseeched him to "take the job for three years" and despite a last-minute appeal to him by delegates from Nova Scotia, he refused to budge from his position.

### The MacPherson Boom

THUS ON the night of nominations, when the candidates were given the customary oratorical parade for inspection, hopes that Bennett would remain or that Meighen would come back vanished. Out in turn came Manion, Lawson, Harris, Massey, MacPherson. But not impressively. No procession of orators ever had a more made-to-order audience, an audience more anxious to cheer, to be inspired, to be lifted from depression. And none ever failed more dismally. Manion far from at his best; Lawson unlucky in his proposers and obviously nervous; Harris, his cap-and-bells style producing only laughter; and Massey with his manner of the pulpiteer and his concluding "Amen"—all failed to strike the right note or to catch the mood of the delegates.



. . . besought him to take the job for three years.

For a Bryan, for somebody who could make a real "cross of gold" speech, it was a glorious opportunity. Saskatchewan's Murdock MacPherson was no Bryan, but he did come up with the best speech of the evening. Fortunate in his mover and seconder, slim, tall, looking a man of obvious culture and charm, he had "more on the ball" than the others, more depth, more measure.

That night at the Chateau Laurier they began talking MacPherson. It was learned that he had travelled "tourist" to the convention. So they spoke of him as a "man of the people," pointed to his advocacy of social reform, talked of his advantages as a Nova Scotian by birth, a Westerner by choice. Lawson's supporters and Massey's and Harris' began swinging to him. And some of Manion's.

Rumors, reports, roorbacks—all flew thick and fast. In all party conventions are hangers-on, camp followers, the flotsam and jetsam of politics. These were busy. MacPherson was represented (depending upon the audience) as "a Scotch Catholic," as a "Scotch Presbyterian," as a "Ku Kluxer," as the "last throw of the C. P. R.," as "being in bad health," and so on and so forth. Manion, on the other hand (again depending on the audience) was "Quebec's man, the candidate of the French."

When the convention opened next morning, confusion and uncertainty were over everything. Mr. Howard Ferguson made an effort to get all candidates to retire in favor of Bennett; had many women delegates with him. Meanwhile MacPherson, a bit bewildered by it all, gained strength. When before noon, and after a bitter battle in the resolutions committee, Quebec delegates (though by no means unanimously) brought an amendment to the convention floor demanding that no troops leave Canada without a referendum, Manion's votes looked to be melting like snowflakes in May. MacPherson, if he didn't win, would be the runner up.

A few hours later, after a second ballot, Manion was declared leader, but with MacPherson a formidable second. The others, after the first ballot, were nowhere.

What would have happened had the balloting been postponed for one more day? Or had the convention been rocked by one more dividing incident? Or had there been one more ballot? MacPherson might have won. On the second ballot Manion gained 104 votes, MacPherson 173. MacPherson, it is believed, got the bulk of Lawson's vote, the vote of the "Old Guard," or of most of it, men who only the night before were counting upon Lawson as the man to "beat Manion." Had they been powerful enough or half prepared for what happened, they might have carried with them to MacPherson the defections from Harris and Massey. As it was, with their own forces demoralized and their leadership at a low ebb, Manion clearly gained something from Massey and Harris, held his own legions to heel.

Manion won because his sheer personal popularity could not be put down. He had Quebec almost solidly, but from Ontario and from Orange citadels of Ontario he got support too. Thus the delegates from Carleton, an Orange fortress that has been Tory since Confederation, stood by him to a man. The Orange and the Green were blended for once. "Bob" Manion, the man who had fought for the Empire in France and who had been long a doughty warrior for the party, could be trusted.

### Bennett Still an Enigma

THROUGHOUT all the tumble, Bennett remained an enigma. He said things privately, or is alleged to have said them, which can't be put down here. To the end there were those who believed that he wanted to continue as leader, yet four days before the convention he told Sir Edward Beatty he would not remain "under any circumstances." Not ever by a public word indicated a preference for his successor. Many believed that he was for Earl Lawson (including Lawson) and said so, but there were also those who reported that on the convention's last day he was for Manion. Perhaps the reports were propaganda, the sort of propaganda which claimed that Sir Edward Beatty was in a private car in Ottawa trying to control the convention.

Bennett didn't vote. On the afternoon of the balloting he was desperately conspicuous by his absence (Meighen,

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Liberal strategists wished Mr King had such a talent.

. . . a responsive, innovating mind.

# Doctor Manion

## A word portrait of the new leader of the National Conservative Party

## By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

I FIRST saw "Bob" Manion on the day that he took his seat in the Parliament of 1917, meeting then in the Ottawa Victoria Memorial Museum. It was a Parliament of strange faces, of new men who had been swept into the House by the tidal wave of the conscription election, but Manion, just back from France, and a Liberal-Unionist to boot, attracted attention. Handsome, athletic, curly haired, there seemed about him something of the dashing soldier of fortune, as though he had come out of the pages of O'Malley's "Irish Dragoon."

Nor did he belie first impressions. In no time at all "Bob" Manion was a salient figure in the House with dashing propensity to tackle doughty foes. "Go after the lions," advised Randolph Churchill, and that, seemingly, was the strategy of Manion. He was as willing and eager to cross swords with a Laurier or a Borden as with the obscurest of backbenchers; he became "news" to the press gallery.

Nor was he all glamor, the mere political romantic. From the outset he worked hard, gave the closest study to problems of economics. While others played bridge or euchre in the card rooms, Manion would spend hours in the library delving into dusty tomes of the political economists, or take readily to the drudgery of committees. No one seemed surprised, or had a right to be, when, four years later, Arthur Meighen made him Minister of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment.

In twenty-one intervening years, Manion has changed. The yellow curly hair is grey now and thinner, the face more lined, the step less light. Yet Manion, perhaps less sure of himself, more sober in speech and thought, is still in essentials the Manion of old, engaging and gallant, quick to take offense, as quick to forgive. No one in Parliament in a generation has been better beloved, has made and held more friends.

### "The Fighting Captain"

FOR MORE than a decade under two leaders, he has been the fighting captain of his party. In two elections, 1930 and 1935, he was a flying column by himself, the spearhead in every dangerous salient, fighting against odds. Yet more than that, though less spectacular and less known, he proved himself as Minister of Railways, an able, efficient administrator. If the Canadian National Railways came out of the financial morass of 1929-30 without complete disaster, credit for that, and in no small measure, belongs to "Bob" Manion.

He had not, has not now, a "deep sea" mind. Nor has he ever been, at his best, a great parliamentarian. What he has always possessed, and more than ever now, is a responsive, innovating mind, a human insight, the quick touch of understanding and sympathy. The intellectual pride of Bennett, the austere bearing of Meighen—these are not in him. He is "Bob" Manion, with all the tempestuousness and temperament of the Celt, carefree, friendly, an earthy, ordinary human being.

Long the hustings warrior of his party, Manion as a speaker is competent, not great. He can excite an audience or provoke it; he cannot move it. Somebody wrote of Mackenzie King that he would be equally good at a wedding or a wake. Manion, excellent at a wedding, would be bad at a wake. Without Bennett's resounding solemnities he lacks entirely the funereal touch. More fluent than eloquent, his words tumble off his tongue in disarray, without march or measure, and inevitably they are not the best words. The impression he gives is of a man desperately in a hurry, without time to pick or choose, using the first word at hand, getting on with his work. Yet on the hustings, where style and logic count for little, he gets his matter across in a vivid way. What he denies in persuasion he provides in adventure, in tempest.

As a logician, depending upon analysis and structure, he rates far below Meighen in power of exposition, far below Bennett. Where Meighen wields a rapier, Manion flourishes a shillelagh. Yet the heads of the enemy feel the shillelagh. Not Meighen nor Bennett could bring Mackenzie King to his feet more often or more quickly than Manion.

Where Manion's speaking lacks is in the "proud full sail," in power to wrap up a truth in an image, in ability to catch the mind of an audience, to strike the note that will move or inspire. Because he lacks these gifts, his best speeches are his lighter ones. Once, at a press gallery dinner, pinch-hitting for Bennett, he was a sheer delight, witty, mischievous, bubbling with spontaneous gaiety.

### A Political Realist

OF MANION'S political philosophy it is difficult to write. Born and cradled a Liberal, nominated as a Liberal for Parliament at the age of thirty four, he was still speaking the accents of Liberalism in 1917 when, as a Liberal-Unionist, he sat behind Borden, still unrepentant of his support of Reciprocity. Yet he turned in time to Protection, engaged in jousts with Liberal Free Traders like Michael Clark, grew into a fiery apostle of the National Policy. By 1921 he was a sturdier Protectionist than even Arthur Meighen.

In his book "Life is an Adventure," the political philosophy which seems to be revealed is that of a realist, desire to meet things as they come, but not always waiting until they happen before preparing to cope with them. An intimate friend and political comrade of Harry Stevens, he refused to subscribe to the latter's radicalism, nor was there sign that he enthused over Bennett's radio speeches. For words like "Left" and "Right," he would have, one feels, small patience, while the terms "ideology" and "concept," so dear to the hearts of the radical intelligentsia, never pass his lips. Recently he has spoken of "economic democracy," and while he might be hard put to define exactly what he means, there is no doubt that, like most Irishmen, he is at heart a democrat. If dictatorship comes to Canada it won't come through Manion.

Less a student than man of action, Manion reads widely, has a sense of literature. From the Parliamentary library he takes volumes on economics, essays, biographies, history; keeps in touch with contemporary thought. Somebody has quoted him as saying that "Books are trivialities; only life matters" (which was hardly profound), yet he has turned out two volumes of his own. If they fell short of being literature, they at least told a story worth telling, revealed freshness of outlook, gallant spirit, breadth in point of view.

Far more than Meighen or Bennett, Manion enjoys life, touches its many angles. He does not boast a golf handicap, is no Culbertson at bridge, does not ride. But he drives his own car (says he will continue to drive it), fishes, hunts, enjoys travel, the theatre, music. His student days spent partly in Europe, he returns there often, motoring over the British Isles and the Continent. Once a year, accompanied by his wife, he spends a week in New York, sees the best of the theatre. In Ottawa's Rideau Club, where he may be found at luncheon hour, he is a popular figure, gay and vivid in conversation.

Thus the new leader of the Conservative Party.

### From the Sawmill Town of Pembroke

MORE than mere chance, something within himself must have brought him the long way he has come in fifty seven years. From the little sawmill town of Pembroke and the board sidewalks of Fort William to the mantle of John A. Macdonald is a steep, spectacular climb. Glance for a moment at its milestones.

At fourteen, going to high school at Fort William, roughing it at lacrosse, helping win junior championships in hockey.

At sixteen, earning money for college, working on a local newspaper, writing news, running errands for the editor, soliciting advertisements.

At twenty three, being graduated—a gold medallist—from Trinity College, Toronto.

At twenty five, back from Edinburgh and Glasgow, a physician and surgeon, a procession of letters after his name.

At twenty six, married, settled down to homemaking, to rearing a family, practicing his profession.

At thirty two, an alderman of Fort William, a reformer in council.

At thirty four, in France, serving with the French Army, then with the Canadian Army, winning the Military Cross at Vimy Ridge.

At thirty-six, back from the front, elected a Member of the Parliament of Canada.

At forty, a member of the Dominion Cabinet under Arthur Meighen.

At forty five, Postmaster General of Canada.

At forty-nine, Minister of Railways and Canals.

At fifty-seven, leader of a historic party, leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition.

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Six hundred pounds of red and insane fury buckled in mid-air.

**Agnew was looking for a man but it was a tiger that solved his dilemma**

By

**PAUL ANNIXTER**

# Old Hari Badmash

ILLUSTRATED BY C. PATRICK NELSON

CALCUTTA again after two years. Gateway to the mysterious East and the stranger East of upper Shanland and the Thaungyeen River country where I had spent the better part of a year collecting everything from gibbons and parakeets to hill tigers and the great Nagas or sacred serpents worshipped by the river people. My shipment would arrive in Calcutta in two or three days, en route to my people in America; meantime I was to stop over as usual to visit my friend, Deane Agnew. I never went out to the Orient without making it a point to take in Calcutta. Both Agnew and I had come to look forward with keen anticipation to these irregular visits and the brief trips afield together which usually featured them.

It was deep into the hot season, at least a month before the monsoons, and Calcutta was panting in an enervating hothouse breath which yet held no promise of relief. Out along Chowringhee Road, one of the loveliest of the world's residential avenues, lined with great Royal and Nicobar palms and dense tropical gardens, one met the tired, sun-drained eyes of Englishmen on their verandahs, or coming up from the Secretariat in white topees and the khaki running shorts which even Britishers in Calcutta wore even to business. All the best of Calcutta live out in the Chowringhee Road district, "legging it" to and from the city each day, for your Britisher does not relax and go to pot over little matters like 110 degrees in the shade.

It was getting on to the sacred hour of five and I hastened my pace, for tea at the Agnews' was a feature never to be passed up lightly, particularly by one who had not had a roof over his head in ten months. But I had no sooner been announced by Sufi, the turbaned, white-clad Burmese boy, than I knew that all was not as it should be in my friend's household. Agnew himself greeted me with all his old-time gusto, yet I could not help but sense somehow that he was forcing himself to act the part. Carol Agnew was an even poorer dissembler than he, and it seemed to me I saw worry in her eyes.

There was a house guest present, a chap named Twining, from Bombay, a writer of some note whose stuff I had often read. I was inclined to be pleased over this, in fact, was. I had been keen to run into this fellow for some time, in order to buttonhole him on certain matters pertaining to jungle life, of which he wrote glibly but which struck me as being highly improbable—the more so, now that I'd had a look at the man. My opportunity, I saw, would present itself quite naturally and easily, as Twining was staying over the week-end.

It was he who did most of the talking during the twilight hour on the verandah and later at dinner—a good talker, urbane and engaging, with a pleasing gusto on all the higher things of life. Evidently a most agreeable diversion for Mrs. Agnew, I thought. She was fifteen years younger than her husband. Their two children were back in England at school most of the year, and though Agnew himself was too busy to be lonely, I knew that Carol felt bored and imprisoned a good share of the time, like nine tenths of all British women who have followed their husbands into the tropics. Far too charming a woman always to be buried out at the remote end of Chowringhee Road, Calcutta.

BUT THAT transformation I saw in Deane Agnew was most disturbing. I watched him covertly at dinner and an expression of abstraction and worriment crept into his grey eyes again and again, in spite of all efforts to play the good host. Knowing him as well as I did, I was aware that some obsessing thought had been riding him for a long time, an idea that, unless checked and banished, would shortly develop into a serious monomania.

It perturbed Carol, too. The usual frank and impudent badinage that I knew so well in her was not in evidence tonight. I caught her watching Deane's face quite as intently as I, and once she signalled to him with her eyes, a sort of entreaty. Then I got a clue to the matter.

"Deane, dear, you've hardly said a word all through dinner," Carol broke out finally. "After all . . ." She indicated Twining and me. "Weren't the cutlets right, or is it thinking of that horrid tiger again?" she demanded with mock displeasure but a very real concern.

"Eh?" queried Twining, breaking off a long personal hortation. "Oh yes, you know, I'd quite forgotten Stripes the past two days."

"Deane's arranged another tiger shoot tomorrow," Carol explained to me. "Four tigers have been killing pigs and cattle up on our lands for ever so long, you see, and one of them simply has a charmed life or something. Deane had a tiger hunt or two every month, since the creature clawed him more than a year ago, but still the tiger lives."

I saw Agnew make a quick movement as she spoke. Nothing more than the abrupt thrusting of his left hand out of sight beneath the table. But I had noted some minutes before the livid shiny scars that covered that hand as well as the wrist, and evidently the entire forearm had been so frightfully mangled that the hand was now shrunken and twisted. Those scars had not been there when I had last seen him two years before. The manner in which he had tried to hide the hand was highly significant to me, betraying the fact that there lay the crux of that weird absorption of his.

"Hmm, yes, quite right, what Carol says," said Agnew, breaking through his abstraction. "A big brute, a Bengali male, largest I've ever seen, has been playing hob with the stock. A female and a couple of youngsters hunting with him, and there's been killing no end. Had a close brush with him two seasons ago, charged me. Rather a messy affair, my fault. I'd not have come through, I fancy, if another chap hadn't been along. I've been keen on settling my score with the big blighter ever since. . . . I say, it's jolly, your happening along just at this time, Thorpe. Twining and I have been figuring on trying for him again—tomorrow night."

"Rather!" said Twining with an enthusiasm that seemed a bit forced to me.

"I told Po Ten to attend to the rifles and ammunition, dear," Carol told her husband. "But you're not to use that adorable white woolly kid for bait. He's mine, remember."

"If we could get a bit of rain in the mountains to give us a tracking spoor, we might bag one or two of the cats," Agnew said. "Anyway we'll get them after the monsoons. Suppose we adjourn to the gunroom, Thorpe; we'll dig up that old Enfield you always use."

Twining stayed behind with Mrs. Agnew and presently through the open door of the gunroom we could hear him playing to Carol on the piano, his voice lifted at intervals in song. He was an accomplished musician and had an effective tenor voice, with all the proper quavers and cadence, and the glistening tear of the artist in it—if you went in for that kind of artist. Afterward we could hear them talking for a long time—an almighty gay and intimate tête-à-tête, it seemed to me, too spirited and too full of this business called élan. I'm no ladies' man, but if Carol had been my wife I'd have gone pretty hot under the collar, it seemed to me, and I wondered at Agnew's unconcern on the matter. Carol was still young and impressionable, precariously volatile, like a slurred note in music, not a trailing minor, rather some broken cascade of sound out of a Debussy tone poem. And there was Twining's undoubted charm, plus all the nuances of an artistic temperament. Still, Agnew must know his woman after twenty-odd years, and all they had been through together.

TIGER seemed all that was on Agnew's mind. He told me in detail the story of his original brush with the big Bengali. I studied him closely as he talked, and I didn't altogether like what I saw. He paced the floor continually, and was quite evidently chafing to be off on that hunt which wasn't to start till the following afternoon. He paused once or twice to gaze out of the darkened window, and all the time he talked he kept that disfigured hand hidden deep in his coat pocket.

"No use hoping for rain, I fancy," he said, drumming his fingers on the pane. "But I'm having my overseer peg out a kid late tomorrow afternoon and we'll hope for the best. Better look to that Enfield, Thorpe. It hasn't been used since you were here last."

Few people knew Agnew as I did and, knowing him so well, I felt it compulsory to get to the bottom of this thing. But I was careful to probe into the subject with raillery rather than censure.

"Look here, Deane, what kind of a fool grudge is this you're carrying against that tiger? You're not dealing with a rational reasoning creature, you know. It isn't pucka or healthy to harbor a secret vendetta like this. Why, the entire life of the household seems to revolve about your ambition to coldcalk that big cat. Strikes me you're making a bit of a fool of yourself and it's not pleasing Carol."

I'd overstepped there, I saw. The merest breath about family relation was taboo from the British viewpoint, as I should have known. I seemed to sense another suture closing, so to speak, behind Agnew's habitual mask, and his answer was evasive.

"The beggar disfigured me, man. Then there's the cattle and swine—twenty-odd head. Besides, the brute's a *badmash*, no bad. Traps, poison, pitfalls—he makes sport of them and us. You've no idea."

He ran on, making it plain to me that I'd get nowhere at all questioning him further. "Rubbish," I said to myself mentally. Then the answer suddenly struck home. Fear was back of it; the man's nerve and will had been shaken to the foundation by that close to with the tiger—and small wonder. And being the sort of man he was, he had to flay himself to get it back in toto, had to stand in the one spot where he could receive again the thing he'd lost—above that striped shape of fear in its final death flurry. I could appreciate that sort of thing after fifteen years of jungle life.

From the sad and poignant look that Carol gave her husband as we parted for the night, I fancied that she understood about that too. It was a look I was to recall most vividly later.

We could hear him playing to Carol on the piano.

OUT ALONG Plantation Road, Agnew's big car hummed swiftly toward sunset next afternoon, Twining as guest of honor sat with Agnew in the front seat, Po Ten and I in the rear. Just before darkness fell we brought up at Agnew's remote cattle farm, half a hundred acres, surrounded on all sides, it seemed, by the blue-black wall of the forest trees—banyan, mango, bushy umbrella trees and white-trunked teak. Here we received a fresh report from the Burmese overseer concerning the tiger. Stripes had come right into the barnyard the night before, it appeared, and taken a young pig.

"Ah," in a pleased note from Agnew. "Good news, that. The beggar's getting bolder."

"I say, rather. My word!" from Twining.

"Here's Cha-ben. We'll be getting out to the bush directly," Agnew said.

I took Cha-ben's hand warmly as he came up—a stocky, impassive Gurkha hillman, grim of visage, who had been Agnew's shikari during ten years of really extraordinary big game hunting, and who in several tight places had stepped up to his master's side and shot like a fiend, saving the day, as Agnew had undemonstratively put it. In the light of the lantern held by the little overseer, he met the curious but somewhat nervous scrutiny of Twining, just emerging from the front seat, and abruptly he scowled, shaking his head and muttering something unintelligible.

I had been interestedly awaiting this moment, for the Gurkha's intuitions were as natural and sure as an animal's, and he was quite as incapable of hiding his reactions. Patently he was taking no stock at all in Twining, for he turned and put a blunt question to Agnew in Burmese, as he had a perfect right to, for the life of a first-class gun bearer is wholly dependent on the steadiness of the man he follows.

"The fellow's evidently dubious about you," I informed Twining laughingly, for I saw he did not understand Burmese. "Asking for your record and case history. Rather a joke, isn't it—with your reputation? Your books, I mean," I added, as he looked blank.

"Oh—rather," he guffawed. "Up to me to change the swine's mind for him, I expect." He moved abruptly over to Agnew's side.

Presently, following Cha-ben's lead, we set out toward the distant dark wall of the jungle, ragged and ink-black under the faint starlight. Tall white teaks stood in ghostly ranks beside the trail we followed, overshadowing thickets of wild mangoes, banyan and dense bamboo. Somewhere in this tangle was the lair of *Hari* (pronounced Hah-ree) as the natives call Lord Tiger.

A goat bleated pathetically as we came to the edge of a natural glade in the forest. The natives had staked it out that afternoon and had made ready our stand, a platform of bamboo poles about ten feet up in a banyan tree, artfully camouflaged by hanging vines.

"There'll be a bit of a moon later," Agnew whispered as we took our places aloft. "Until then we'll have to watch sharp. . . . I've rather promised Twining first go at this cat, y'know, Thorpe," he added to me. "You and I'll come in on seconds, case of need—eh?"

"Right," I answered.

"I say, though, no bally need at all," stuttered Twining quickly. "Your grudge, y'know. I'd really rather—"

But Agnew cut him short with the calm imperiousness of his particular type of Briton, laying a masterful hand on his arm. "Not another word. It's settled. Quiet does it now, or we'll jolly well shivvy the brutes off for the night."

I COULD sense rather than see Twining's unhappiness and irritation in the darkness as we settled ourselves in utter silence to wait. More than that, I could feel his complete discomfiture, for the hunt was a vastly different business, out here with the black and mysterious jungle night pressing in about us, filled with softly savage scents released by the night cool. That Twining had been drawn into the hunt more or less against his will I felt sure. But why? What about Agnew's own grudge against the tiger? Then I recalled his typically British habit of testing out the men who worked for him in this fashion. If a man made good in some dangerous specialty of the outdoors, Agnew always claimed his honor, morals and all the rest would stand the test. But this deference forced upon Twining smacked rather ludicrously of the Greek bearing gifts.

For a long time we sat listening to the monotonous overtone of the tree frogs and insects that filled the jungle night. Through this from time to time we could make out other sounds—the saw-like snarl of a leopard, the bark of a sambur stag, bellow of water buffalo, and the occasional sputter and wail of a gibbon. And presently we heard it—the long-drawn hunger moan of the tiger, known as the *pheal*.

"Howwhh! Owwh! Owwhnnn!" A tearing vibrant roar with something subtle, almost feminine, in its cruelty, its cold-blooded menace—the arrogant voice of an unrestrained tyrant.

It was tremendous, that firsthand contact with the brute through the senses, that appalling crescendo of savagery ringing through the night. Its effect on the nerves was paralyzing, wit-shattering. In all creatures it induced a mad impulse to flight. I sensed Twining stiffen beside me. The goat tethered in the clearing below bawled frantically, a bleating of agonized fear, as it raced round and round the pin to which it was tied.

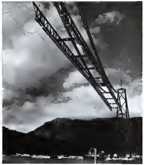
I knew by the depth and volume of the roar that the tiger was a huge and mature beast, and I was itching by

*Continued on page 28*

# Spider Web in Steel

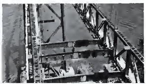
**Vancouver's new Lion's Gate span is the longest suspension bridge in the British Empire**

By CHARLES LUGRIN SHAW

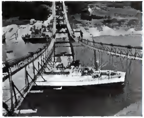


The unfinished truss-work dangles 209 feet above the water. Height of tower 364 feet.

Three hundred and fifty feet straight down. Note the tin hats.



The beginning of the roadway.



From the tower: Catwalks and two main cables. Below: The Lion's Gate.

Each main cable is anchored in concrete by twenty-one anchors.

HIGH IN the sky over Vancouver harbor's entrance, above the towering masts of the biggest ships from distant ports, a small army of men have been matching their skill and strength this year against a 10,000-ton colossus of steel.

Across the Lion's Gate, the ruggedly beautiful channel which marks the sea approach to British Columbia's metropolis, these men have been wrestling with the gigantic steel web that constitutes the British Empire's longest suspension bridge.

Before the end of this year—probably some time in November—the great Lion's Gate bridge will be finished—a masterpiece of its kind and in several respects unique among the bridges of the world.

Cost of the bridge is estimated at more than six million dollars. The twin columns of steel that support the giant cables, from which the single-deck span is suspended, are as tall as many city skyscrapers—364 feet from the top of their granite-faced piers to the point of cable intersection. The central span itself, more than 200 feet above the harbor level at high tide, is 1,550 feet long between the towers, but the length of the bridge over all, including side spans and approaches, is nearly 6,000 feet. The Golden Gate bridge at San Francisco, longest of its kind in the world, is only one third longer.

Carrying a twenty-nine-foot three-lane roadway and two four-foot sidewalks, the bridge has been designed to carry the load of a first-class highway and to meet the demands of a city eight times as large as Vancouver is today. Engineers estimate that the bridge will be strong enough to support the weight of a solid line of ten-ton trucks loaded to capacity.

Although of the orthodox stiffened suspension type, the huge dimensions of the span set it apart from most other bridge projects in Canada. It had to be high because some of the biggest ships afloat would be passing under it. It had to be long because of the width of the channel and the low-lying nature of the north shore, requiring a gradual approach almost from sea level. It had to be strong because of the promise of steadily increasing traffic volume.

### "Like a Spider's Web in the Sun"

TO THE hard-boiled bridge builders, the Lion's Gate bridge has been just another job—very much bigger than the average, in some ways more difficult, but not particularly hazardous.

"Dangerous?" repeated one of the engineers when asked about the risks. "Well, I suppose you'd call it that, you and most other folk who haven't grown used to that sort of a job. But it's really just as safe as walking in traffic."

The engineer looked up to the catwalk, the temporary footbridge that serves as the lofty roost for construction gangs during the early stages of construction. There was a man up there, walking nonchalantly along a strip of steel less than a foot wide. Below him was a straight drop to the rocks of Prospect Point and the surging waters of the Lion's Gate. The man was swinging his arms and singing.

"That man up there," said the engineer, "appears to be risking his life every step he takes. Well, he is, in a way. But don't forget that he's been doing that sort of thing for years. It's like second nature to him."

The "man up there" was Joe Lepage. No, he wasn't scared of falling. If he was, he said, he wouldn't be building bridges. He would have quit long ago and taken up farming back on his father's farm in Quebec. Besides, he has a wife and three youngsters. Did anyone imagine that he would be taking chances when he had his family to think about?

Joe Lepage ridiculed the idea of danger, but he was eager to talk about the bridge. "Sure, she's a good bridge, a mighty good bridge," he sang out above the roar of riveting machines, as he reached for a section of steel truss work dangling at the end of a derrick's hoisting chain. The expanse of space below him meant no more to Joe than the distance from kitchen porch to lawn means to the housewife as she hauls Monday's washing from the line.

"And a pretty bridge," said Joe. "Light and graceful, like a spider's web in the sun."

A stiff wind was whipping in from the Gulf of Georgia and it blew Joe's thick black hair in his eyes, but when a lull came again and his voice was audible against the mechanical clatter down below, he admitted that he and the other bridge workers had been very lucky on the Lion's Gate job. He was referring to the wind. The wind in the Lion's Gate had been nothing compared with that at the Ile d'Orleans, said Joe Lepage.

"There was a place for wind, monsieur," said Joe. "By golly, how she blow! She blow and blow, day after day. And stringing cables in a wind is no fun sometimes. Out here it would be worse than that, for this bridge she's much bigger than Ile d'Orleans. We've been lucky."

### A Cradle Blown by the Wind

MAYBE they have been lucky, but it's a safer bet that the great arch that now spans the Lion's Gate is more the result of engineering ability and competent workmanship than the whims of fate. The wind may not have harassed the bridge builders—much, but there were other troubles. Calm, bespectacled Bill Way, who bossed the substructure setup and laid the concrete foundations for the piers while tidal waters rushed back and forth through the channel, will tell you something about them. Finding a solid base to support 10,000 tons of steel isn't a simple business under the best of circumstances. It's enormously more difficult when the search has to be made on the muddy floor of a deep-sea harbor, subject to sudden shifts in the tide.

Lanky, grey-haired J. W. Roland, engineer in charge of superstructure, looking out on the new bridge from his little rough-board office near the south pier, will admit rather reluctantly that laying the cables across the Lion's Gate had its problems, too.

"You see, it's been very largely a pioneering job," says Roland. "The whole thing was planned very carefully and nothing was left to chance. But we've done a few things on this bridge that have never been done before. For instance, this is the longest bridge in the world made of prefabricated strands. If the bridge was any longer it couldn't have been done."

A suspension bridge is different from many other types of bridges in that it is flexible and not a rigid structure. It sways with the wind—imperceptibly, of course—and expands and contracts with the temperature. When a strong wind blows, the Lion's Gate bridge, like a titanic cradle, may swing as much as eight feet. A change of temperature of one degree makes one-half-inch difference in the length of the cables. Every twenty-four hours the cables contract and expand ten inches, more or less, depending on the weather. And weather's effect on the long steel cables will account for a variation of eight to ten feet in the vertical height of the bridge. The Lion's Gate bridge is as near being animate as any monster of steel could be. For its size it is amazingly sensitive; a weight of 5,000 pounds is sufficient to cause a movement in the structure, although not one that you'd notice as you drove across.

### 209 Feet Above the Water

FIRST step in the construction of the bridge was the choosing of a site. The city of Vancouver is located on the south shore of Burrard Inlet—a long arm of the sea that has its narrowest point at the entrance to Vancouver harbor, the First Narrows, they call it, or the Lion's Gate. After passing this Lion's Gate, so-called from the mountainous mass in the shape of two lions couchant looking down from the north, the inlet broadens to a width of two miles or more.

The bulk of the population of the Greater Vancouver area is on the south shore of the inlet, but there are thousands of permanent residents on the other side, also summer resorts and scenic highways. One of the important trends of Vancouver's future expansion is certainly northward. What was wanted was the most effective and economical crossing of the Inlet, the idea being to bring into closer communication with Vancouver city the north shore, with its towns of North Vancouver and West Vancouver, and a long sweep of residential country stretching back from the waterfront to the high hills of Hollyburn and Grouse Mountain.

Until now, traffic between the two shores has been served by ferryboats and a bridge far up the inlet at what is known as the Second Narrows. The trip involves a half-hour ferry journey or a roundabout journey via Second Narrows in almost equal time. The bridge builders sought a location that would provide a direct and speedy crossing. Naturally they chose the Lion's Gate. The new bridge at that point will make it possible to drive at a leisurely pace from downtown Vancouver to the north shore in about ten minutes!

But choice of the Lion's Gate site involved construction of a new road through Stanley Park—1,000 acres of garden and virgin timber. There was some opposition to this but eventually approval was secured.

The site of the bridge itself, however, although in some respects a "natural," presented its perplexities. For instance, the south end would have to be set somewhere on Prospect Point, a high promontory of solid rock in Stanley Park. The north end was low-lying, gravelly. And the bridge had to be a high one, for some of the world's biggest ships would be passing under its span. One of the chief delays in the long-drawn-out negotiations for authorization of the bridge was the objection of naval and marine authorities to any sort of a bridge at all that might possibly jeopardize shipping to and from Canada's Pacific gateway. Eventually the height of the bridge floor from the surface of water in the inlet at high tide was set at 209 feet. In case that means nothing to you, it's pretty high; taller than many a twenty-story office building, and only eleven feet less than the height of the world's biggest suspension span at the Golden Gate.

Because the bridge was set so high, a lot of filling-in had to be done on the north side to provide approaches that would lead to a gradual levelling with the prescribed height. And it meant that the bridge would have to be much longer than otherwise to provide a gradual grade—5,984 feet to be specific.

To provide a solid foundation for the huge 364-foot towers of steel from which the suspension cables would hang, considerable test drilling was necessary. This was a job for diamond drillers, who explored far below the inlet's murky depths to find bedrock for a secure support of the bridge's enormous weight. Divers rummaged in the oozy mud and tangled weeds of the harbor bottom to find a resting place for the great bulkheads and cofferdams that were later to be sunk, filled with a solid mass of concrete to form the bridge foundation. It wasn't easy. Apart from conditions that would be encountered in any submarine job of this kind, the divers and caisson builders had to contend with the powerful tidal currents that whip back and forth through the Lion's Gate.

Then came the erection of the towers themselves—the stout steel pylons to support the weight of the bridge to come. To the layman this phase of the construction would seem both difficult and dangerous, but to the professional bridge builders, hardy, fearless men who think nothing of balancing on one foot 300 feet in the air while reaching for a white-hot rivet—it was all in the day's work. It was simply a case of putting up two attenuated 364-foot skyscrapers of steel, a matter of routine construction technique.

Then followed the business of suspending the temporary catwalks across the Narrows from the tops of the towers.

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A pretty bridge. Light and graceful, like a spider's web in the sun."

Photographs by James McCredie Brown and C. P. Detloff

The boat filled rapidly and began to sink in spite of Angie's bailing.

# ANGIE'S BUSHMEN

## By LAURIE HILLYER

THREE HEADS now stood in the bushes where two heads had stood before. Angie had joined the boys. They had been waiting there for her since breakfast. Perhaps, thought Edith Hastings, Angie's mother, with annoyance, they had been waiting there all night.

She had wondered what they talked about in the bushes—a class in psychology had made her quite uneasy as to that—but she had listened several times, and now she only feared that her youngest daughter might possibly be a moron.

"Did you go to the show last night?"

"Sure he went to the show, he's so dumb if he didn't go to a show or something he'd die of dumbness or something."

"Angie, he says I'm dumb or something."

"Oh, well, you are dumb; everybody's dumb but me and I'm somewhat dumb. Well, what'll we do, play tennis or something?"

"Sure. It's a swell day to play tennis, let's play tennis."

"Oh, Pete's too dumb to play tennis."

"Sure I'm not. I'm too dumb to play tennis, let's not play tennis."

"Swell."

In all the hours they had talked together Edith felt convinced they had not once, not even once, said one single thing worth listening to or remembering.

One boy was wispy, like a handful of hay that had been dropped from a cart. Hay straws hung in his eyes. He might have a name like Elmer Fish—which, in fact, was his name. The other boy, Pete Tuttle, dark, lank, spectacled, had at least the advantage of height, but his parents had been unable to keep his wardrobe in touch with his height. His neck, wrists and ankles grew out of his clothes like white stalks of rhubarb. Tuttle and Fish, Edith had called them until Lissa—her other daughter who was both satisfactory and beautiful—had pointed out that it sounded like a game or something to eat. Beer and skittles. Bubble and squeak.

"What is Pete's real name?" Edith had asked Angie.

"Sylvester," Angie had replied coldly.

Robert Hastings, her father, had made a sound like a snort.

"What did you say, daddy?"

"Nothing," he had said, "nothing," had added without looking up from his book, "Angie's bushmen."

TWO ENORMOUS hazel eyes in a pointed face now appeared at the window.

"Hello, dear," said Edith patiently.

"Hi, mum. Mum, we're going to play some tennis and take a picnic." Angie pushed a wisp of tow-colored hair out of her eyes—was she, Edith thought in alarm, actually getting to look like Fish?

"Oh. All right, Angie," she said in a flat voice. She had learned the uselessness of remonstrance about the boys—Angie went stubborn—but she could not produce any enthusiasm about them. Then she had the comforting thought that it might be doubles and thus break up the threesome. "Who's the fourth?"

"Fourth? Oh, I stand the both of them, mummie," said Angie. "I can beat either one of them alone with my left hand."

Edith looked at her helplessly. Angie—eyes and not much else—was wearing a short white tennis dress with a red belt and red tie. She also wore a red hair ribbon and red socks, and all the reds were off color.

"Don't say 'the both of them,' please, Angie," she said, "couldn't you take a little more pains to match up your ensemble?"

"I thought I looked swell," said Angie. Her tone implied there were also others who thought she looked swell. Then she gave her mother a quick and sudden smile, shutting out everything except herself and her mother. "We're still friends, aren't we?" she smiled, "in spite of Elmer and Pete?" She began doing cartwheels across the lawn. Her skirt fell back over her white shorts and the boys watched her avidly—not the shorts, but the position of her hands. She turned better cartwheels than they did.

She did everything better than they did—cartwheels, tennis, everything. She carried them along behind her. When they went to the biweekly dances for young people at the golf club, the boys walked in as Angie's guests, and she danced first with one and then with the other, never saying a word, dancing round and round. Nobody else ever asked her to dance. The first time Edith had seen her child dancing cheek to cheek with Fish she had felt definitely faint.

She had tried asking other boys and girls in to dinner before the dance, but the party, as Angie truthfully pointed out the next day, was a flop. Elmer and Pete, who had not been invited to dinner, appeared just the same at the dance and stalked Angie around the floor. The other girls would not have danced with Elmer and Pete if they had been asked, which they weren't, and the other boys did not care about dancing with Angie, who looked over their shoulders at Elmer and Pete. In spite of Edith's efforts, everything was exactly as before. Angie danced cheek to cheek with Elmer, and then cheek to cheek with Pete.

If Edith tried to fill up Angie's days with picnics and motor trips, and things which did not include the boys, Angie was indifferent or forgot to appear. Edith would have liked to send her away to camp, but the expense of bringing Lissa out next year made that plan impossible. She was beaten down by the boys, who had no idea they were beating her down, but looked upon her with awed admiration because she was the mother of Angie.

Lissa came into the room now, wearing dark blue shorts and a dark blue polo shirt, open at the throat. Lissa was dark and slender, with short dark curls and a distinguished head set charmingly on a slender throat—people were always amazed that she and the scraggy Angie were sisters. She was followed by Jerry Parr, who was correct in height and flannels and hair, the kind of suitor who was always following Lissa, the exact opposite of Elmer and Pete.

Edith, writing notes at her desk, smiled on her fondly.

"Hello, dear. Hello, Jerry. Oh, Lissa, did you put the flowers up in Aunt Margaret's room?"

"Mmmm. Roses. Aunt Margaret would like roses."

Edith had lived with Lissa seventeen years, and she was not quite sure yet whether Lissa had a sense of humor. Aunt Margaret was the dahlia type, never the rose; a sturdy and affluent spinster. She was coming to spend a long week-end with the Hastings.

Edith stamped an envelope and sealed it. "That's nice," she said. "She's not coming until just before dinner. I think we could take in the Carters' tea. Can't you stay to lunch, Jerry?"

Jerry looked eagerly at Lissa. She sat on one corner of the table, swinging a long lovely leg.

"Is Angie going to be here?" said Lissa to her mother. Things were never the way she wanted them to be when Angie was around.

"Angie's gone to play tennis with Tuttle and Fish," said Edith, "and take a picnic."

Jerry brightened.

"Why don't you stay, Jerry?" said Lissa. "Mother, are those boys going to be around all the time when Aunt Margaret is here?"

"Heaven forbid," said Edith without hope.

AUNT MARGARET arrived early, while Edith and Lissa were at the tea, and Angie and the boys met her near the bushes. The boys carried her bags up the walk and then went back to stand watching in the bushes. The one good thing about them was that they never, under any circumstances, came into the house. They just hung around outside like faithful dogs. As Edith came up the walk she heard voices through the open living-room window, a low murmur, words indistinguishable, which was Aunt Margaret's, and the high voice, usually excited about something, which was Angie's.

"Oh, have you honestly been to Wimbledon, Aunt Margaret? Did you see her play? Boy, how swell! What are the courts like, they're not grass, are they? Somebody said they were grass. They don't use red balls, do they? I said they don't use red balls. Can you buy the balls after the matches secondhand? Is it hard to get seats to see the matches? Boy!"

There lay Angie on the rug, her pointed chin propped in her grimy hands, her shreddy hair in her big eyes. Seeing Lissa, she gave over and vanished to the bushes.

Edith sent Lissa for tea, ensconced Aunt Margaret in the guest room with the roses and went to call Angie in.

"Don't you believe him, Angie."

"I don't believe him. I only believe every other thing he says."

"Well, this is every other thing. Yi, Pete—this is every other thing."

"No, it can't be every other thing, because the last thing you said was she'd beat you six love and she did beat you six love, so this can't be every other thing."

"Oh, good heavens, how, how can she bear up?" groaned Edith. "Angie," she called sharply, "come in and get ready for supper."

"So long. I'll be seeing ya."

"So long, Angie."

"So long, Elmer."

"So long, Angie."

"So long, Pete."

"So long."

"WHO UNDER the sun are those boys, Edith?" asked Aunt Margaret the last day of her week-end. It had been impossible to conceal them. Angie was with them every waking minute except at meals, when, like a hostess determined to hold the chain of conversation in her own hands, she had prodded Aunt Margaret about Wimbledon.

Edith looked at Aunt Margaret, perfect picture of a well-to-do spinster: silk blouse, tweed skirt, pince-nez, brown plastic oxfords. What did she know or care, really, about the problems of bringing up children?

"The smaller one is an orphan; his grandfather is the sexton at our church," she said. "The one who's sprouting out of his clothes is the son of the grocer. They're ruining the summer for everyone except Angie."

"Can't you do something about them?"

"I can't seem to. I don't want to make too much of an issue of it and make Angie feel I'm being unfair. She'll simply close up tight if I do. They're perfectly harmless, just ineffectual time wasters."

"I should think you might find someone with a little spunk to play tennis with her," said Aunt Margaret, "and give her a little competition. The child plays a really exceptional game."

Lissa, in a pink piqué dress, her short black curls soft as feathers, came in waving a letter. "Mummie! I found an envelope addressed to you up on Angie's bureau. I think she's eloped and this is a good-by letter to the family. Open it quick—is it Tuttle or Fish or both?"

Edith read the letter and went pale green under her summer tan. She read it again, passed it to Aunt Margaret, and ran wildly upstairs to Angie's room.

"Dearest Mother,

We are going to work our way to Europe and see the world, especially Wimbledon, we have decided. Say good-by to daddy and Lissa and everyone and Aunt Margaret for me and please don't worry about me, mother, because I will remember all the things you always told me, mother dear. It will be wonderful! Don't worry, but you will not hear from us perhaps until we get to England. Good-by to all, mother dearest, and don't worry. Loving

Angela Hastings."

There was Angie's little room, furnished with white enamel bed and white-painted furniture, left-overs from the nursery. The windows were wide open to the sunny morning, and the pink organdie curtains lifted gently in the breeze. A picture of St. Cecilia hung over the desk. Angie, lying in bed with her eyes on St. Cecilia, had plotted to run away from home.

"Mummie!" called Lissa, running after her, "it must be a joke."

Aunt Margaret's [illegible] mounted the stairs. "Don't get excited, Edith. Did she have any money?"

"Yes," said Edith, "and it's gone." The bed was unmade and a brass bank, like a little safe, was lying broken on the sheet.

"Don't worry, they can't have gone far. Was there a train out?" said Aunt Margaret. "When did you last see her?"

"Oh, I don't know, at breakfast—no, not since last night. Oh, she asked me not to disturb her this morning—and I thought—and all the time . . ." Angie had directly misled her and deliberately concealed her plan from her mother who heretofore had made all her plans. "Oh, Aunt Margaret, what'll we do? Quick, what'll we do? After all, she's nearly fourteen—two boys—Aunt Margaret . . ."

"You don't think it might get into the papers? Oh, mother . . ."

"Lissa, be quiet." Whatever happened to Angie, the boys, inert as usual, would stand stupidly by.

"Don't get excited, Edith," said Aunt Margaret. "What would they probably do? That's the way to go about it. What would they do—take a train or a bus? And which way?"

"I think they'd hitchhike," said Lissa, "whichever way a car happened to be going."

Aunt Margaret looked stunned. She had heard of hitchhiking certainly, but dealing with it was beyond her. She lost her assurance. "Had you better call up the families of the boys?"

Edith was in Angie's closet. Short flowered cotton dresses and two long silk ones, one rose, one turquoise, hung limply on hangers. Socks, sweaters, slippers, sneakers, shoe trees, magazines, tennis balls littered the floor. "She doesn't seem to have taken anything with her."

"Probably carried her clothes in a handkerchief on a stick," said Aunt Margaret. "How much money did you say she had?"

"About fifteen dollars."

"She won't get far on that, my dear. Do you suppose the boys had any?"

"Not unless they robbed the cash register and the collection plate."

"They wouldn't get much from the collection plate from what I saw at—"

"Mummie," said Lissa, "I might take the car and drive out the main road." Doing what the right people did was breath of life to her. The right people did not run away to sea with Tuttles and Fishes. What would Jerry think?

"Wait until I've talked to dad," said Edith. There isn't a minute to spare, she thought—Angie, docks, sailors.

*Continued on page 32*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

"If a boy gives you a line you just let him know you know he's giving you a line"

**A comedy of dumb devotion starring Tuttle and Fish and the inimitable Angie—"Everybody's dumb but me and I'm somewhat dumb"**

Hitch-hiking is against the rules. They walk — and like it.

# Here Come the Hostelers

## Unsung and almost unknown, youth hostels have taken root in Canada

### By JAMES HARMAN

YOUTH hostels have come to Canada!

Five years ago a group of outdoor enthusiasts in Alberta organized a movement to provide inexpensive accommodation for hikers and cyclists using as a pattern the youth hostels of Europe which have been operating for twenty years. Since that time the idea has taken root in four provinces. Today there are hostel trails on Vancouver Island in British Columbia in the foothills of the Rockies in Alberta through pastoral Ontario and in the heart of Quebec's Laurentians. Youth hosteling bids fair to give young Canadians an opportunity to know Canada as they have never known it before.

The Canadian Youth Hostel Association—the C. Y. H. as it is referred to by its members—is the organization which is establishing and maintaining youth hostels in Canada. Its progenitors the young Albertans had been studying in Europe as exchange students. There they saw the hostel idea in operation and determined to bring it to Canadians. This was in 1933 and the group included the Misses Catherine and Mary Barclay Miss Ivy Devereux and the present Organizing Secretary of C. Y. H. Miss Dorothy Allen all of Calgary.

Alberta presents such great distances to hikers and bicycle riders that their enthusiasm had to be very great to survive. Accordingly progress was slow at first and it was not until 1936 that enough prospective hostelers were brought together to permit the establishment of a hostel. That spring they erected a canvas tent at Bragg Creek near Calgary which served as a temporary shelter. By working during week-ends and vacations they replaced this with a neat and commodious cabin. Before summer was over their project—Canada's first youth hostel—was completed.

This summer Alberta has twelve hostels, and there are plans for the establishment of two or three more before the end of the season. They are established in chains, each being from twelve to fifteen miles from its neighbor. The main chain at present runs from Calgary to Banff—ten hostels on trails leading through the rugged foothills to the scenic splendor of the Canadian Rockies. There are two more south of Calgary for those who wish to visit the famous E. P. Ranch at High River. All are picturesquely located. Some are cabins on ranches or farms, some are Indian tepees, and one is fixed up in the spare rooms of a school on an Indian reservation.

In Ontario a chain is being developed leading northward from Toronto to Lake Simcoe and thence into the Muskoka Lakes district. Three hostels have already been established on this route—at Richmond Hill Musselman's Lake and Keswick. Toronto hostelers have been making week-end trips all summer developing these hostels and improving existing facilities. Another Ontario chain is projected from Toronto through the Niagara Peninsula to link up with American youth hostels in upper New York State.

In Quebec there has been an independent development of hostels operated by an organization known as "Les Auberges de la Jeunesse." This association operates eight hostels but at present only men are admitted to membership. It is nonpolitical and nonreligious. This year it is sponsoring a trip to Europe where its members will travel by hostel chains and study the methods of operation in various countries. Plans have already been launched in Quebec for a hostel trail southward from Montreal through the Eastern Townships to connect with the flourishing New England chains.

Nova Scotia plans to open its first two hostels this summer near Kentville. British Columbia has two hostels on Vancouver Island erected as Government projects under the Dominion Youth Training Act and linked with the hostel trails of the State of Washington.

### Rolling Hostels

THE "Rolling Youth Hostel"—an experiment in "international living"—was initiated last year and has been repeated this summer. A group of forty members of the American Youth Hostel Association, twenty-four boys and sixteen girls arrived in Montreal on June 29 to begin a good-will tour of Canada. Their hostel a colonist car was coupled to freight trains and sidetracked at points of special interest as they crossed the Dominion from Montreal to Vancouver. When not cycling say from North Bay to Callander to see the "Quints" they were rolling over 2,000 miles of scenery and receiving a geography lesson they can never forget. There were bunks for everybody and at the end of the car was a kitchen where they cooked their meals. Along with them to supervise unobtrusively were a housemother and a housefather. At Calgary their itinerant hostel was placed on a siding for a week while its occupants ranged through the foothills and Rocky Mountains, having the time of their lives. From here they went on to Edmonton and Jasper Park thence to Vancouver. So delighted were these young visitors with their experiences that the A. Y. H. plans to make this trip an annual feature of its summer activities.

### Development in United States

PARALLELING but outstripping the growth of hostels in Canada has been the development of the American Youth Hostel Association. The first hostel in the United States was opened in 1934. Its initiators, Monroe Smith and his wife Isabel had been guests of the International Youth Hostel Conference held in Europe in the previous year. They were thoroughly "sold" on the idea and were given an official commission by the International body to introduce it to the United States. Under the direction of the Smiths an American youth hostel was built at Northfield Massachusetts and here is located the national headquarters of the A. Y. H. Today the United States has 183 hostels dotting the countryside, principally in the New England States. Last year more than 15,000 overnight guests availed themselves of the privileges afforded them by their membership in the Association. This membership numbers upwards of 7,000 cardholders, and last year nearly 2,000 of these used their A. Y. H. privileges while hosteling abroad.

The A. Y. H. has extensive plans for expansion in the near future. There is a demand for hostels in all parts of the country, and this is being met by dividing the country into eight regions, hostel chains to be developed in each as situations warrant. The Association sponsors a training school at Northfield, where those selected for their talent and personal qualifications are trained to become field workers. They are to work in the various regions, supervising the establishment and maintenance of new hostels. Leading citizens in each district are sponsoring the young people's activities. Among those organizations to which the A. Y. H. is successfully looking for support and co-operation are the universities and colleges. One of the finest hostels on the continent is located on the campus of Mount Holyoke College at South Hadley, Mass. Governments, municipal state and federal are lending substantial support to the projects of the Association, as in Massachusetts, where all A. Y. H. property is exempt from taxation.

In the United States, men interested in youth and prominent in young people's work in their endorsation of youth hosteling echo the words of Mr. V. K. Brown, head of the Recreation Department of the Chicago Parks Division. Mr. Brown in a report of a survey made by the National Parks Service had this to say:

"The romance of travelling inexpensively, the thrill of undergoing a Spartan routine of physical hardship or at least the absence of luxury, the lure of movement, contact with new scenes, forming new friendships, contacting fresh points of view and developing new acquaintance with the world rather than with an isolated spot—all are so vitally a part of the very spirit of A. Y. H. that this whole propos

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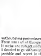
# Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER



A. Beverley Baxter M.P.

## Czechoslovakia: Powder Keg of Europe

BY THE time these words appear in *Maclean's*, Czechoslovakia may no longer be front-page news. On the other hand it might well be of even greater news value than it is today.

It is impossible to prophesy. Common sense contends that the existing situation cannot go on indefinitely. But whatever happens, the stand of Czechoslovakia against the might of Germany in the spring of this year must remain one of the great episodes of history. I am perfectly certain that Colonel Drew will acquit the Germans of any harsh intentions toward the little republic. He was entertained at a Berlin airport by charming people, and consequently knows that the Germans are greatly misunderstood and only desire the peaceful friendship of the great and the small.

Unfortunately the Czechoslovakians, being a rather dull race of people lacking that swift intuition of Ontario's handsome young Conservative, took a different view. For days on end the German press had been full of frenzied denunciations of Czechoslovakia. Day after day the hymn of hate was sung with an ever increasing violence. With memories of Austria in their minds the Czech Government were unable to believe that the benevolence of Germany was simply overflowing toward them.

Then came the swift events of the week-end of May 21 when it seemed at last that the flames of war would burst from the soil of Europe and engulf us all. That was many weeks ago but I want to give my readers in *Maclean's* a picture of Czechoslovakia as I saw it recently. As history this description must be of some slight value. My hope is that you will be able to read it in that way as a document dealing with a situation that exists no more. Something tells me though that Czechoslovakia will be hot news for a long time yet.

We had been in Vienna, where one sensed rather than saw the grip of the great German military machine.

Therefore it is understandable that, as the train pulls out from the station at Vienna and eventually nears the Czechoslovakian frontier, the pulse beat quickens and one wonders what kind of people they can be who stand with their little army in utter defiance of mighty Germany.

As we crossed the frontier, some two or three hundred Czech peasants were in the station in festival dress. Ironically enough they were celebrating the anniversary of their freedom as a people. They are not a romantic peasantry like some of the others in Europe. Their faces are rather heavy, their bodies more sturdy than graceful, the expression in their eyes is stolid.

Yet within three or four minutes I was to see a sight which will linger in memory for a long time.

A little way beyond the frontier there is a bridge over a small river. On that bridge stood a solitary Czech soldier—a boy of sixteen or seventeen—in his ill-fitting khaki uniform and with a rifle and bayonet on his shoulder.

Behind him rolled the unbroken countryside. He was on guard, his face turned toward the German Austrian frontier. The passengers on the express looked out of the windows and waved to him. His face lit up in a smile and he waved back.

Whatever the rights or the wrongs of the present trouble between Czechoslovakia and Germany may be that boy, that peasant's son in uniform will always be symbolic to me of the implacable bravery of the Czech people.

Top: The Protest. Sudeten Germans demonstrating for their leader, Konrad Henlein (Acme)
Lower: The Answer. Czechoslovakian troops on the march (Wide World)

### In Reichenberg

THE direction of Czechoslovakian policy is centred of course in Prague the capital. The problem that obsesses the Government lies to the north, two or three hours away in the Sudeten German district of the republic.

I determined to see the problem first and started off by car for Reichenberg which is in the heart of the Sudeten German district and only twenty-five miles or so from the actual German frontier.

It was impossible of course to approach this problem without some preconceived prejudices. From one end of Europe to the other it is the one subject of discussion but I decided to go with as open a mind as possible and report in these columns exactly what I saw and heard.

The first part of the drive from Prague is not particularly interesting. The country is flat and dull, the roads are straight, the villages without charm, the farm lands flat and without beauty.

It is one of the surprises of nature that the characteristics of a people and the landscape frequently go together. Thus, as we reached the Sudeten country, one became conscious of a changed atmosphere and setting.

The ranges of hills lent dignity and importance to the view, the roads began to wind as in England, the villages took on that element of cleanliness and charm which is reminiscent of Bavaria.

The physical type changes as well. The Germans are taller than the Czechs. In many cases their hair is fair, almost yellow, whereas the Czechs are brown and indistinctive. Again you find the light blue eyes which always seemed such an anachronism on the continent of dark-eyed races.

Reichenberg is a quaint industrial German town of some 40,000 people. The whole place was festooned with Sudeten flags and endless pictures of Henlein, the political leader. Hitler's name is not allowed to be spoken, nor can his picture be displayed, but the same Nazi technique is there. It demands a leader, and Henlein is put up for everyone to gaze upon, although the intention is obvious that he is there merely to represent the great leader in Germany.

We pulled up at a quaint German inn. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon and many young Germans and their girls were on the terrace having a cup of coffee or a glass of beer, with the accompaniment of those abundant rich cakes which so delight the Teutonic eye and stomach.

It was a most admirable inn. Its service and appointments, its cooking and its comfort would be hard to duplicate in any town of its size in England.

The streets were full of people ambling up and down in order to gaze upon the decorations. There was an undercurrent of excitement but not the slightest sign of terrorism or panic.

Here and there a young Czech policeman was stationed on duty and looked on calmly at the interesting human spectacle before him. In fact, there was nothing to distinguish it from any by-election scene in Britain, except that the amount of money spent on party decorations would unseat any candidate.

But there were strange adventures ahead.

### Election Eve Excitement

AT DINNER that night the proprietor of the hotel came up to me, clicked his heels, and in broken English said:

"I wonder sir if you would permit a friend of mine who speaks excellent English to drive you around the town tonight in his motor car and see the fireworks? He is a

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# Looms of Conflict

### By BURTON L. SPILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

**In which a new crisis threatens the mills at Rainbow and a girl learns that might is not always right**

'Don't tell me your father has wakened up to the fact that Doggett is making a sucker of him,' said Harmon.

*The story: Kent Harmon, on a fishing trip with Jim Bradley, paddled by an Indian guide over a dangerous route to Rainbow, an isolated Northern village built around an idle textile plant owned by David Holcomb. Holcomb's attractive daughter, Nancy, is mill superintendent.*

*Harmon contracts with Holcomb to manage the mill for a year provided he can secure capital. Trying to do this in the city, he finds that textile wholesalers have been warned by Charles Daggett, head of Nationwide Woollens Company, not to do business with him. Harmon had been ousted from Nationwide by Daggett because he refused to condone the latter's business methods. However, a small dealer named Eckelstein, who is associated with many other small dealers, enables Harmon to borrow $60,000, and this, with his own $10,000 and Bradley's $8,000, enables him to hire workers and start production.*

*Harmon believes that Daggett, in his underhanded efforts to control the whole industry, has closed Holcomb's market, so he is amazed to learn that Nancy is engaged to marry Daggett, and that both she and her father believe Daggett is trying to help them.*

*Daggett comes to visit the Holcombs, and after he leaves, Holcomb tells Harmon he has learned about his record and wants him to quit. Harmon declines. In an altercation with a big Irishman named Reardon, Harmon knocks him down and thereafter Reardon becomes his friend.*

*Learning that a worker named Anstein has been placed in the mill by Daggett to foment a strike, Harmon runs the man out of town. Anstein returns and succeeds in causing a strike. Harmon is attacked at a strikers' meeting, but when Anstein is caught trying to damage mill machinery, the strike is broken.*

*Harmon finds that a dam is being built upstream to divert water from his plant and render it useless. Plainly Daggett is behind this move; he is also forcing dealers to cancel orders from the Rainbow mill.*

*Bradley calls on Nancy and explains to her just how her fiancé, Daggett, is trying to cripple the mill. "Your father will have to take his share of the blame because he sat by and let it happen," he states, and leaves her.*

JIM BRADLEY did not know whether his visit had accomplished anything or not. At least, he told himself as he walked away, he had given the girl something to think about. He would have been highly pleased with himself if he could have seen the angry Nancy who confronted her father in the garden a few minutes after his departure.

"I want to know about this, dad!" she exclaimed, her eyes blazing. "Is it true?"

"Is what true?" hedged Holcomb.

"About that dam. Is Charles planning to cut Rainbow off from water? Why, it's outrageous. It's insane—"

"Now, now, my dear," said Holcomb placatingly, "don't get your feathers ruffled. I know all about it. I know exactly what is being done up river and why it is being done. If I thought for one minute that the interests of this village were threatened, it would take nothing more than a snap of my fingers to put a stop to the entire project."

"Oh, ridiculous!" flamed Nancy. "If what Mr. Bradley says is true, you'd better start snapping your fingers right away. You know very well, dad, that I haven't approved of what you and Charles have been doing. I don't believe Kent Harmon is a swindler, and I think you should be helping him instead of blocking him. But I've tried to be neutral and to mind my own business. Now I want to know the truth. Is this dam being built for the purpose of putting the mill out of commission?"

Holcomb coughed.

"Well—ah—it's all very technical."

"What's technical about it?"

Holcomb blinked. He was looking at a new Nancy, a fighting, angry Nancy, aroused and impatient with evasion.

"A mere temporary measure," he said blandly. "Perhaps for a little while after the dam is built there may be some trouble. The head of water will be reduced, naturally. But don't think for a moment that the situation won't be under control."

"At the dam?"

"Well—um—yes. But there'll be plenty of water. Plenty for the needs of the village at any rate."

"But not enough to keep the mill running?"

Holcomb coughed again. "All's fair in love and war," he quoted weakly.

"This isn't a love affair." Nancy hesitated and flushed hotly. "And it isn't a war," she went on. "You can't let them do this, dad. At least Kent Harmon fights fair. You can't stoop to these methods. Besides, what guarantee have you that if you let these people interfere with the flow of water in Rainbow they'll be able to restore it?"

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Holcomb grandly. "Everything is under control. You don't understand these things. Expert contractor in charge of the job, expert engineers."

"Dad! Are you—are you not going to put a stop to the work on that dam?"

"But, my dear, it's out of my hands. It isn't in my power."

"You said just a moment ago that a snap of your fingers would be enough to put a stop to the whole project."

HOLCOMB cleared his throat in embarrassment.

"Well, yes, of course," he said hurriedly, "in a manner of speaking, that's true. But there would be complications. I've given my word that I wouldn't interfere."

"Your word to whom?"

"Well—to Daggett."

"In that case," said Nancy, "I'll take this up with him."

Holcomb looked distressed.

"Now don't go bothering Daggett about this," he advised. "Surely you can trust your father and your fiancé. After all, there's a big issue at stake. The property that I've built up by years of hard work, in which I've invested every cent of money I ever made . . ."

Holcomb was getting maudlin now. It was an old story to Nancy. She knew that she could not break down the wall of her father's obstinacy once he was committed to a course.

"Don't forget that I have an interest in Rainbow's future too," she said. "I haven't approved of this fight from the beginning, dad, and you know it. You made an agreement with Mr. Harmon, and I think you should have stood by it. As long as you were only fighting him, though, I was content to be neutral. But now you're fighting everyone in Rainbow. If the river goes dry—"

"But the river won't go dry!" blusted Holcomb. "I tell you everything will be under control."

"You can't convince me that you have the power to turn the river on and off like a tap," retorted Nancy. "Enough water so that no one in the village will suffer, but not quite enough to turn the wheels in the mill. You must think I'm still in pigtails, to swallow that."

Angrily she turned away from him, crossed the garden and went into the house. Furiously determined, she sat down at her writing desk.

"Dear Charles," she wrote swiftly.

Then Nancy hesitated. The pen hovered over the page. It was not, after all, quite the way one should begin a letter to one's fiancé.

Nancy took a fresh sheet of paper.

"Dearest Charles," she wrote.

Again the pen hung motionless. Those four words, on two sheets of paper, had told Nancy something that she had never admitted even to herself. There had been nothing spontaneous or natural about the writing of that word "dearest." It had been forced, a duty.

"And it shouldn't be that way," she whispered to herself. Suddenly she crumpled up the second sheet and flung the ball of paper into the wastebasket beside the desk. She drew the other sheet toward her. Under "Dear Charles" she wrote:

> "I think you had better come to Rainbow. There are a lot of things we should talk over. Important things—to me, at least."

She resisted the feminine temptation to add more. She had written exactly enough to provoke his curiosity, perhaps his anxiety. And the coolness of the introduction would puzzle him, irritate him. Besides, she reflected, it was more honest.

THREE days later the water level began to fall.

It fell swiftly, remorselessly. Lute, scampering between the engine room and the river bank, was wild with excitement and wrath. And as the head of water in the river diminished, the banks began to show wet and bare. The black shoulders of long-hidden rocks thrust themselves out of the sluggish current. There was a mere trickle of water over the dam.

"I got to shut down," Lute reported to Harmon in the office finally. "Can't swing the load."

Harmon, in close touch with the situation all day, had realized that a shutdown was inevitable. With Bradley and Lute he had discussed the alternative of switching to steam, but Lute had mournfully admitted that the mill was too large. Steam was needed for the dryers, but the equipment would not produce the power needed to run the entire plant. Water was the life of Rainbow.

He called Bliss by telephone for the third time that day. The red-headed lawyer had no news for him. His own efforts had been supplemented by those of one of the best legal firms in the county, but every attempt to get an injunction had been blocked.

"You get the same answer every time," Bliss confessed. "If this dam is such a menace, why isn't David Holcomb putting up a kick? He's your associate. He owns the mill. And you're finding it pretty hard to laugh that off, I can tell you."

Bradley, muttering beneath his breath, knew that his effort to swing Holcomb into line had failed. On the day after his interview with the mill owner he had fairly haunted the office, hoping to find Holcomb back at his desk. It was, he had felt all along, their only chance. Holcomb was the key to the whole situation.

"I'll bet the fat little runt is just about ready to blow up with importance by now," fumed Bradley. "A wiggle of his finger and this mill will run. If he sits tight, it don't run. What are we going to do? Go up and beg for mercy?"

"I beg mercy from nobody," grunted Harmon. "He'd just beam at me and suggest tearing up the contract."

"I got to shut down," repeated Lute, wailing. "Can't run without water, and there ain't enough water to drown a cat."

"Shut her down, then, Lute." Harmon looked at his watch. "It's half-past five anyway."

"Doggone shame," piped Lute, clicking his false teeth. "Just when we were really turnin' out cloth. I'd like to see that dam blowed sky high."

"The same idea," said Harmon calmly, "has already occurred to me. We've got dynamite, Lute?"

Bradley's mouth fell open. Lute's eyes bulged.

"Dynamite? Plenty!"

"Where?"

"In a shanty up on the hill," Lute said.

"Detonators and fuse?"

Lute gulped. His Adam's apple bobbed.

"All kinds of 'em."

"You're sure the dynamite is all right?"

"Ought to be. The boxes are nailed up, and it's been kept in a cool place."

"Get me the key to the shack."

Lute wheeled away. Then he turned, thrust his tongue in his cheek and bestowed a wink upon Harmon.

"It's sixty per cent stuff, that dynamite. About a dozen sticks of it ought to do wonders," he said in a hoarse whisper. Then he loped out of the office.

"About time we took the law into our own hands," Harmon said to Bradley.

The Englishman nodded.

"It won't be so easy as dropping a letter in the post-box," he remarked. "They'll figure on that as our first move. I wouldn't want anybody to take a shot at me if I was caught foolin' around up there with a couple of sticks of dynamite in my pants pocket. There'd be nothin' left of me but a fragrant memory."

"I'm not going to stick my neck out like that," Harmon said. "Round up a few of those men who were cutting wood up river, Jim. Send a few of them up to the dam. Just a friendly call, understand? If the place is fortified they'll find out. After they report back to us, we can map out our program."

Bradley grunted approvingly.

"Good idea. And if our spies get shot at sunrise, we'll hire an airplane and try bombin' the place."

Harmon got up and walked over to the window. He looked down over the yard. Workmen were trudging out of the silent plant.

"If we had been able to keep up shipments," he said, "we'd have had a cash margin. As it is, we've got cloth in the storerooms and no money coming in. Daggett has us coming and going, Jim. There's only one answer. We've got to have water."

NO ONE had ever been able to say of Charles Daggett that he lacked nerve.

He had full need of it, however, when he drove into Rainbow next morning. It was one thing to sit in the quiet luxury of his office and digest the reports that told him he had Rainbow tied up—reports from lawyers, reports from the contractor, discreet reports from a politician's confidential agent, reports from his agents in the trade. It was quite another thing to drive brazenly into a silent town, to drive up the street past the little homes of people he had thrown out of work. The big, fair-haired man had to keep a tight grip on himself when he saw the startled, bitter glances that told him people recognized his car, recognized him sitting in the back seat, although he had pulled the brim of his Panama low over his forehead.

Nancy's note, however, could not be ignored.

Daggett was an egotist. He wanted power. And with power, he wanted possessions. A hard, ruthless man, his feeling toward Nancy Holcomb was the nearest he had ever come to an honest, uncalculated emotion. He had been as earnestly in love with her as it was possible for a man of his type to be. His courtship had been typical of everything he had undertaken—swift and masterful. His good looks, his wealth, his position, his ingratiating personality—these had all been in his favor. When it came to winning an inexperienced girl starving for companionship and affection, Daggett took his success as a matter of course.

It had never occurred to him that Nancy might resent being neglected in favor of his business affairs. But his first emotion when he read her curt little note was not one of dismay at the danger of losing her. He was simply puzzled and angry. His pride was hurt. The ownership of something he had won for himself had been threatened.

So he came to Rainbow. Not entirely for the purpose of restoring himself to Nancy's good graces. That note had been a red flag of danger. If he had lost ground with Nancy, it meant that he might lose control over David Holcomb, and he couldn't afford to lose Holcomb just now. There was too much at stake.

Nancy welcomed him impersonally. Holcomb made amends for her lack of warmth by bustling about with a great show of heartiness, slapping Daggett on the back, offering him a cigar, pouring him a drink, and talking, talking, talking without a letup.

"Yes, sir, I guess it won't be long now before I have my mill back," he chuckled. "That fellow Harmon bit off a lot more than he could chew when he thought he could run that show all by himself."

Daggett flashed Nancy a penetrating glance. Was this the reason? That fellow Harmon? Perhaps it was high time he had come back here to look after his interests, both industrial and personal. Nancy's expression when Harmon's name was mentioned told nothing. But Daggett had an

"Who are you to say we can't go up river?" Bradley demanded. The man on the bank replied: "I'm the guy that was told to stand here with a gun and blow a hole through the first man that tries it."

instinct about such things. Here he felt was the clue.

Holcomb rattled on talking about the strike about his plans for Rainbow when he regained control about the consternation in town when the river level began falling. Nancy offered not a word of comment. But her silence was eloquent.

"Can we get a canoe?" Daggett said to her.

"I suppose so. Why? Do you want to go fishing?"

"Canoe?" exclaimed Holcomb. "Why of course. Plenty of them. Take mine. It's light, easy to carry if you want to go above the rapids."

"I'm not going fishing. I want to go up and take a look at that dam that's causing all the uproar. Seemed to me, from what I could see in passing," remarked Daggett, "that they're letting the water get pretty low. Don't want to work any hardship on the townspeople, you know."

"In the long run," declared Holcomb, "it's for their own good."

"Quite," agreed Daggett. "But I want to look the situation over. How about coming with me, Nancy?"

"I'd be glad to." Her ready smile almost persuaded Daggett that there was nothing wrong after all. "Dad will get you a change of clothes. Did you want to go up right away?"

"The sooner the better."

Harmon, from an office window, saw them setting out an hour later. He saw Nancy, provocative and slim in breeks and high boots, getting into the light canoe. The muscles of his jaw tightened as he recognized the man with her. Although the water was low, it was not low enough to make the river impassable. Harmon did not need two guesses to know where the pair were bound.

"So that," he thought to himself, "is what she calls neutrality."

HARMON'S MEN, under the leadership of Bradley, had gone up river early that morning. Under the blazing sun they had paddled and portaged, cursing the low water.

There were six of them, including Bradley, in two canoes. They did not expect to run into any opposition until they were close to the dam. But when the two canoes swung into the lazy water below the second portage, Bradley saw a lean, hard-eyed man with straight black hair step out from the shelter of the bushes onto the rocks at the foot of the portage trail. The man carried a rifle.

His scrutiny was swift as they drew closer. Then he called out:

"Better turn back, boys. Trail's closed."

"How do you mean—the trail's closed?" demanded Bradley.

The lean man brought the rifle barrel up a little.

"You heard me," he returned coldly. "You can't land here."

The man in the bow of the first canoe wanted to know, with a good deal of profane emphasis, just why they couldn't land there. It was, he stated, a free country.

"You can't land because I say you can't," the lean man told them. He looked grim and hostile and entirely able to take care of himself. Bradley, in the stern of the second canoe, backed water and wondered if this was a bluff.

"And who are you to say we can't go up river?" he demanded.

The lean man spat into the water.

"I'm the guy that was told to stand here with a gun and blow a hole through the first fool that tries to go up river," he said calmly. "And if you think I ain't obeyin' orders this morning, just push them canoes a little closer to shore and find out."

The woodsmen, with high respect for that ominous rifle, looked to Bradley, their leader.

"Well," said Bradley, "there's two sides to every question and there's two sides to this river. We can always try the other side."

"Sure," grunted the guardian of the trail. "You can try."

And then Bradley saw that another rifleman was emerging from among the trees on the other bank. The man stepped out onto the rocks, his rifle in the crook of his arm, and stood looking at them in silence.

"That's that," said one of the men in Bradley's canoe. "No use trying to go up against those gents. If they can turn off the river, they won't stop at gunplay. Figure they can get away with murder."

The lean man moved back a little and lounged against a tree.

"How about it?" he shouted. "Changed your mind about going up river?"

"Yeah," said Bradley. "We've changed our minds."

"Now you're talking sense," congratulated the lean man. "Come up and see me again some time. My pal and I are on twelve-hour duty. The night shift comes on at sundown."

Grinning sardonically, he watched as Bradley swung the canoe out into midstream. The other canoe followed. Bradley looked up at the dense tangle of bush back of the river bank.

"Looks to me," he muttered, "as if anybody wanting to get a peek at that dam would have to be a combination of lumberjack, gunman and the Invisible Man. Or else have a pass from Daggett in his pocket. Home we go, boys. It's been a nice day for paddling."

JUST below the first portage Bradley saw the other canoe approaching. He recognized the girl paddling in the bow but it was not until the canoe was quite close that he recognized Daggett. The man in front of Bradley whistled softly.

"Do you see what I see?"

Nancy Holcomb flushed under the cold, contemptuous stares of the men in the two canoes. She gave Bradley a friendly smile but it was a self-conscious effort. Daggett, poker-faced as ever, nodded curtly.

"Better not go too far up river," advised Bradley ironically. "Somebody's gone and planted a couple of gunmen up there. They ain't lettin' anyone past who looks honest."

Daggett's powerful paddle strokes were sending the light canoe speeding upstream, but Bradley was able to catch a glimpse of Nancy's face, clouded with swift surprise and anger. She was so agitated that she lost her steady grip on the paddle for a moment and the blade twisted, sending a shower of spray over the side.

"That'll give you something to think about, young lady," remarked Bradley, grinning, as the distance widened between the canoes.

Half an hour later Bradley reported at the office. Harmon listened with white, set face.

"We're stymied," Bradley said. "Those fellows at the portage didn't look like bushmen to me. They looked tough—like real, honest-to-goodness gunmen and no fooling. Probably brought in from outside, and they'd as soon shoot a man as look at him."

Harmon studied the blotter on his desk.

"I saw Daggett and Nancy going up river. Did you meet them?"

"Sure. Thick as thieves. Nice girl, that," said Bradley with sarcasm. "They won't have any trouble gettin' through. We've got to admit, whether we like it or not, that Daggett is boss of the river."

Harmon scarcely seemed to be listening.

"Go and get Joe, will you, Jim? I want to have a talk with him."

"Think Joe might be able to make it travelling cross-country?" asked Bradley.

"It's worth trying." Harmon went over to a map on the wall of the office. "Look—here's Rainbow." He indicated the spot with a pencil. "And here's the dam. Notice how the river swings over to the west and back. It shouldn't be an impossible trip across country as the crow flies."

"Yeah, but a crow flies over the bush."

"I'd like to sound out Joe on the idea, anyhow. He knows the woods. It mightn't be as tough as it looks. Chances are they haven't any gunmen at the dam at all. They'll figure that those chaps at the portage will protect them."

Bradley was doubtful. However, he bustled off in search of Joe. The Indian, when Harmon outlined the plan, paid scant attention to the map. He went to the window, looked out over the river and the wooded hills.

"Mebbe," he grunted.

"Game to try it, Joe?"

The guide grinned.

"Sure. Mebbe we got luck."

"And mebbe you'll need all the luck you've got," said Bradley, wagging his head. "How about letting me trail along, Kent?"

"Too risky. Besides, somebody's got to look after the office."

"Too risky?" yelped Bradley. "Look here, Kent, you can't insult me like that. I'm in this thing too, and if you think—"

"It's my job. There's no need for both of us to take a chance."

"Then let me go and you stay. I've lived longer than you anyhow, and if I get rubbed out it won't make any difference. Much."

"Nothing doing. Besides," added Harmon, "if anything should happen, you'll have to carry on and save what you can from the wreck." He picked up a paper that lay folded on the desk and handed it over to Bradley. "I've written everything out. If I get away with this but don't come out of it—that is, if I can blow that dam sky high and get water down here—you'll be able to keep the mill running and get back your money."

"Money!" glowered Bradley. "Think I'm worrying about my money? Here I work and slave and worry, and just when there's a chance for a little fun I'm left out of it. All right. Go ahead." He thrust out his hand awkwardly and growled in an altered voice, "Good luck, lad." And to the impassive Joe he said, "You look after him, and mind you don't go and get lost."

Joe blinked.

"No get lost," he promised. "Get shot mebbe. But no get lost."

TO KENT, following some distance behind the Indian, it seemed that the journey would never end. The afternoon was oppressively warm. Great swarms of mosquitoes arose from the marshland and settled upon his unprotected face until the accumulated torture of their stings drove him almost to frenzy.

The rough shirt that he wore was sodden with perspiration where it hung upon his shoulders, while beneath his arms the moisture had soaked down in an elongated and irregular V to the unsightly bulge around his waist. For the thousandth time he brushed the clinging insects from his face and with thumb and forefinger lifted the collar away from his chafed neck. As he did so he felt the dynamite cartridges move within the fold above his hip. There were twenty of them lying close and warm against his body, and in each of their paper-wrapped cylinders was enough potential energy to blow him to atoms.

He moved carefully between the trees, lifting his feet high and stepping cautiously lest some upthrust root should send him sprawling.

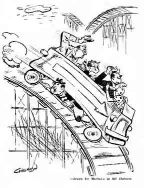
It was rough country. In the deep bush the heat was suffocating. Out in the open the sun blazed down on them. It was new country to Joe, but he travelled at a tireless lope, scrambling over deadfalls, plunging into gullies, wading creeks, trudging up hillsides as if following an invisible trail. Once in a while he waited for Harmon to overtake him.

Finally, in deep woods on top of a hill, the Indian said gruffly:

"Pretty close there now."

He gestured in a direction at right angles to the way they had been travelling. The ground sloped away to the east. Joe led the way, with Harmon at his heels.

Continued on page 25



—Drawn for Maclean's by Bill Chelsom.

# If You Can Answer These You Deserve a Medal

## By GORDON DUSTAN

Decoration by Eric Aldwinckle

THE CHIEF difference between Man and what we somewhat smugly call "the beasts of the field" lies—and one must be prepared to be violently contradicted by zoologists, psychologists and owners of "the cleverest dog you ever saw"—in his accumulated knowledge and his power of associating ideas.

What kind of a brain have you? Is it normal, subnormal, or are you by any chance a genius? Are you brighter than most of your friends, or does it take you until tomorrow evening to see yesterday's joke? Intelligence can really be measured, and psychologists have devised simple tests to measure with surprising accuracy all degrees of intelligence from the ape to the Einstein.

Since the minds, like the pockets and the attics, of different people become cluttered up with widely different collections, the following general knowledge quiz, like the one published some months ago, claims no such scientific exactness. It will, however, give you a chance to houseclean your mental storerooms and it does insist upon the association of ideas. There are again 100 questions, arranged in groups of five, each related in an obvious way but actually covering a good deal of ground. The questions, ranging from the quite easy to the positively infuriating, count one point each for a correct or satisfactory answer. Over ninety is spectacular, over eighty, pretty good, over seventy, fair, fifty-fifty over—oh well, skip it. Go on now. How do you stand?

1. What is
    - (a) Dutch courage?
    - (b) Turkish delight?
    - (c) French leave?
    - (d) German silver?
    - (e) Indian file?
2. Whom do you connect with:
    - (a) A spider?
    - (b) A burning bush?
    - (c) A pomegranate seed?
    - (d) A muddy cloak?
    - (e) The Spirit of St. Louis?
3. Identify:
    - (a) Billy Sunday
    - (b) Capt. January
    - (c) The Man Who Was Thursday
    - (d) Friday
    - (e) Wednesday
4. What are you when you're in
    - (a) The pink?
    - (b) The purple?
    - (c) The red?
    - (d) The blues?
    - (e) The ball?
5. What do these common abbreviations mean?
    - (a) F. O. B.
    - (b) R. S. V. P.
    - (c) K. C. B.
    - (d) C. I. D.
    - (e) P. D. Q.
6. Of whom was it said
    - (a) He "never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one"?
    - (b) He had "small Latin and less Greek"?
    - (c) "That's HIM!"?
    - (d) "His strength was as the strength of ten"?
    - (e) "His foe was folly, and his weapon wit"?
7. What city is known as
    - (a) The Eternal City?
    - (b) Brum?
    - (c) The City of Brotherly Love?
    - (d) Auld Reekie?
    - (e) Gotham?
8. Distinguish between
    - (a) Winston Churchill and Winston Churchill
    - (b) Baccirus and Bach
    - (c) Albino and Albion
    - (d) Acadia and Arcadia
    - (e) Balliol and Belial
9. What would you measure with
    - (a) A chronometer?
    - (b) A hydrometer?
    - (c) A hygrometer?
    - (d) A bathometer?
    - (e) A tachometer?
10. You know lots of people named Black, White, Brown, Green or Grey. Do you recall well known persons of fact or fiction, called
    - (a) Scarlet?
    - (b) Blue?
    - (c) Silver?
    - (d) Sand?
    - (e) Straw?
11. Correct these common misquotations
    - (a) Money is the root of all evil.
    - (b) A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
    - (c) I will a plain unvarnish'd tale deliver.
    - (d) In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread.
    - (e) Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new.
12. To what have the following given their names
    - (a) C. Macintosh (died 1843)?
    - (b) The Duke of Wellington?
    - (c) John London McAdam?
    - (d) Steve Brodie?
    - (e) The Earl of Sandwich?
13. Simplify to familiarity
    - (a) Cryptogamous concretion never grows
      On mineral fragments that decline repose.
    - (b) Ornithological specimens of homogeneous appendages are of a gregarious nature.
    - (c) Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific
      Fain would I know thy nature specific—
      Loftily poised amid ether capacious,
      And somewhat resembling the gem carbonaceous.
    - (d) Invisible, Insane.
    - (e) The saccharinity of striated musculature varies proportionately with its proximity to the osseous framework.
14. What was the pen name of
    - (a) C. L. Dodgson?
    - (b) S. L. Clemens?
    - (c) T. C. Haliburton?
    - (d) Charles Lamb?
    - (e) Mary Ann Cross (née Evans)?
15. Translate from "sports-page slang" into English
    - (a) The horsehide
    - (b) Snagged the cordage
    - (c) Leather pusher
    - (d) An orphan tally
    - (e) A pachyderm
16. Who were:
    - (a) Mrs. Partington?
    - (b) Mrs. Gummidge?
    - (c) Mrs. Grundy?
    - (d) Mrs. Malaprop.
    - (e) Mrs. Harris?
17. Just what do you do when you
    - (a) Epitomize?
    - (b) Bowdlerize?
    - (c) Exorcise?
    - (d) Lionize?
    - (e) Gormandize?
18. Complete these pairs of famous lovers
    - (a) Dante and
    - (b) Nelson and
    - (c) Petrarch and
    - (d) Romeo and
    - (e) Abélard and
19. What is, or are
    - (a) Dog days?
    - (b) The dogwatch?
    - (c) A Dogberry?
    - (d) The Dog Star?
    - (e) A dogcart?
20. By whom were these famous pictures painted
    - (a) The Blue Boy?
    - (b) The Laughing Cavalier?
    - (c) Hope?
    - (d) Mona Lisa? ("La Gioconda")
    - (e) The Age of Innocence?

Answers on page 24

Few Doctors Die of Diabetes

"How do I know you will be all right? Look at me. I have had diabetes for ten years—but I use the same methods which will protect you."

Few doctors who have diabetes die of the disease. Why? Because they know how to keep it under control.

Insulin is the great modern defense against death from diabetes. It is now so dependable that many doctors feel justified in promising adult diabetic patients almost as long a life with the disease as without it. With insulin a diabetic child can grow, study and play with other children on nearly even terms.

Diabetes is more frequent among middle-aged, overweight persons and those in whose family there is a history of the disease. But many people predisposed to diabetes may escape it by keeping underweight through correct diet and exercise.

A neglected mild case of diabetes is apt to become severe, while the severe case, carefully treated, usually does not progress. There are thousands of persons in this country with mild diabetes who need insulin but do not take it. Many of these diabetics prefer to risk the consequences rather than have three or four injections of insulin each day. They no longer have this reason for endangering their lives.

A new form of insulin—protamine insulin—injected once daily is effective in treating the majority of mild cases—and at first most cases are mild.

Many unnecessary deaths among diabetics are the result of coma or infections. They might be avoided if the doctor's orders regarding insulin, diet and exercise are heeded.

The usual reward for obedience to the doctor's orders is added years of comfort and of life. Doctors know this, and that is why few of them die of diabetes.

Send for the Metropolitan free booklet "Diabetes" which tells some of the symptoms and describes how to guard against the disease. Address Booklet Department 8-M-38, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

## London Letter

Continued from page 17

young lawyer, and would be very happy to be of service."

Accordingly a young Sudeten lawyer, about twenty-eight years of age, came to the hotel in an open car and we started off to see the sights. He was a most gay and amusing companion.

He had the gift of laughter which is one of the rarest things in Europe today. He had that eagerness of spirit which would make him an automatic Oxford Grouper if he lived in a country where that sect was allowed to flourish. His belief in Hitler and his zest for the Nazi cause had reached the point of fanaticism, yet there was no hatred in his heart, not even toward the Czechs. He was like someone who had seen a star and was irresistibly drawn toward it.

It was a miracle that no one was killed, because he drove at a tempestuous pace. Every few seconds he shot his right hand up to give the Nazi salute to someone.

The "fireworks" were simply the illuminations. In every window of the faithful "lights were placed to show that they would vote tomorrow for the Henlein party. Where lights did not appear the assumption was that the residents were Czechs or Social Democrats (corresponding to our Liberal Party) or Communists.

Leaving the car by the roadside we walked together through the streets. Pointing to a narrow hotel my friend said "That is the Communists' headquarters."

We looked up and just as we did a shower of leaflets was thrown from it. The passing Germans disdained even to pick them up, but I managed to secure two or three. Obviously there is no law of libel in that part of the world. What those pamphlets said about Herr Henlein, his habits and his character and his honesty would earn a ten-year prison sentence in Britain.

"No true German is a Communist," said the young lawyer. He felt that his hospitality to me had been contaminated by this vile exhibition of bad manners. To me it was all as absurdly like the Eatanswill election in "Pickwick Papers."

It was nearly midnight when we returned to the hotel. The proprietor was waiting for us. He was obviously in a state of considerable excitement. Again clicking his heels he said:

"A message, sir, from the party leaders. They would be glad if you would come to Herr Schmidt's coffeehouse and talk to them."

This was an opportunity not to be missed, so the young Herr Doctor (the title "doctor" with Germans is of a singularly embracing character) turned his car about and we drove to the coffeehouse.

It was like any large tea-shop in England, full of people sipping their coffee or beer and all of them gazing with fascinated eyes at a corner table where three local party leaders, dressed in a sort of chauffeur's uniform, were in heavy consultation.

They received us with formality and dignity. They had been informed that I was a Member of the British Parliament, and with the German love of painting the lily white or, as it is sometimes called in Germany, "pouring chocolate sauce on a gold watch," they solemnly addressed me as "Herr Minister."

In return I addressed each one of them as "Gauleiter," which was like calling a captain "general." Thus are the niceties preserved even in the cockpit of Europe.

They were in a state of cerebral exaltation. Tomorrow they would show to the world, and especially Herr Hitler, that the Sudeten Germans were united in their determination to throw off the yoke of Czech domination, and to declare their souls to belong to Nazi-Socialism. After a long discussion the principal leader asked permission to put a serious question.

"If Hitler comes into this territory to protect us from persecution and violence, will England fight?"

That was the question, and they all leaned forward for an answer.

With a modest assurance that I was not in a position to speak for the British Government, I decided to fall back on Mr. Chamberlain's formula.

"Britain is not pledged to go to war to help Czechoslovakia."

There were loud exclamations of delight.

"At the same time, you would not be justified in assuming that Britain would not fight for Czechoslovakia."

The sudden dejection of the group was almost ludicrous. Their shoulders sagged and their faces expressed something like despair.

"But why?" finally demanded the principal leader. "The whole of Czechoslovakia is not worth the blood of one Englishman."

Where this awkward conversation might have ended is difficult to say, but at that moment there came a melodramatic interruption—a messenger had brought a note.

The principal leader read it. His face flushed with fury and he struck the table a smashing blow with his fist.

"They have started shooting our people!" he cried.

### The "Atrocities"

ONE OF the other leaders swore a terrific oath in German. A third one looked as if he were going to burst into tears. The people at the other tables whispered and muttered to each other. It was first rate Lyceum melodrama.

"Now you see," said my young lawyer friend, "what is really happening."

The principal leader went to the telephone but came back almost immediately.

"I have called the Czech police headquarters," he said, "and there is no reply. It is impossible."

At that he sat down, and another round of coffee was ordered. This seemed curious. No one has ever doubted the courage of the Germans if any trouble is going on, but I could not quite see what another cup of coffee had to do with it.

At last, at the risk of outraging the hospitality of my hosts, I suggested that we might go and investigate the shootings at first hand. This did not meet with any particular enthusiasm but eventually they concurred and, leaving the coffeehouse, we started off in a cavalcade of three motor cars to see the Sudeten terrorism at its worst.

By that time it was one o'clock in the morning. The illuminations were no longer in the windows. The town was deserted and on the countryside there was not a single light beyond the roads. Here and there, however, we were stopped by villagers who told us they had heard that atrocities were taking place a few miles back. The situation was becoming embarrassing. Whoever had done the shooting, it was always in some other place. Soon we encountered a group of about ten Czech policemen.

Nothing could exceed the calm behavior of the Czech police. They were there to keep order, not to cause trouble, and no men ever carried out their orders more conscientiously. But our quest was not without its success. Four or five villagers whom we questioned pointed down a lonely road. There we found a house in which the lights were still lit. We were met by the owner who let us inside. His wife was sitting in a chair in her bedroom as if she had seen a ghost. Then we saw the awful truth.

There was a broken window with glass on the floor. In the centre of the room was a small stone which had done the mischief, and on the opposite wall were spattered the entrails of a rotten egg. We all gazed solemnly at the dreadful spectacle. I had a feeling that the broken glass and the egg would remain there for many days as a sort of shrine. To be perfectly fair, we found two other atrocities farther down the road. Another broken window, and four boards missing from a fence.

Once more I was invited to look upon the broken glass and gaze upon the denuded fence. But one of our party was a newspaper photographer with an eye to the main chance. Outside the house he gathered together four of the tallest villagers, who were carrying stout sticks in their hands, posted them in front of the gate, and, persuading them to brandish their sticks, he took a flashlight photograph of them standing on guard in front of the house they did not own, and against an enemy which they could not see.

I have no doubt that that photograph will circle the globe with its stark realism, for of course the camera cannot lie.

And so to bed.

The atrocities had resolved themselves into two broken windows, but my good hosts had not finished with me.

The next day, Sunday, the voting was to take place and nothing would make them happier than if I would accompany the principal leader in his car, see the polling booths, investigate the economic distress and go to the frontier, where I could judge for myself the warlike preparations of the Czechs.

### Czechs' Unobtrusive Preparation

AT NINE O'CLOCK the next morning I started off with the young lawyer driving and the principal leader of the local Sudeten Germans sitting beside him in the front. We bore the official standard of the Sudeten party and the leader wore his uniform. Wherever we went men, women and children gave us the Nazi salute. To each of the salutes the leader replied with a short raising of his arm, but my good friend, the young lawyer, brandished his right arm to the very skies. As his average speed was about sixty m.p.h. I was conscious of mixed emotions.

Across the countryside the polling booths were already crowded, as if the people wanted to register as early as possible in the day their loyalty to the cause. Then my guides showed me something which needed no exaggeration. Owing to the natural supply of water power the district around Reichenberg was once one of the most prosperous industrial sections in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. An immense number of factories had been maintained, and so prosperous were they that in the pride of ownership many of them were decorated and architecturally improved so as to look almost like modest palaces.

This part of Bohemia was not only well-to-do, it was rich. Now, however, factory after factory is closed and abandoned. Within five miles I must have seen fifteen of them. Some of them were being demolished for the mere value of their bricks. It was a tragic sight. Allowing for the fact that my guides may have taken me to the worst section, the main pity of it all could not be denied.

"Our people were the best workers in Europe," said the young German lawyer, "they were honest, efficient and capable. Now they are without work, without hope, and many of them are starving. The Government will not give these factories any of their orders for army equipment. The whole of our people become more wretched every day. Yet if Hitler came tomorrow every factory would start again and we would be prosperous."

Never in all my experience have I seen people so childlike in their faith. To them Hitler was a wizard, a god to whom world economic conditions presented no problem. If he waved a wand, factory chimneys would belch out smoke. If he raised a hand Europe would clamor for the goods of the Sudeten Germans.

Leaving the factory district, we turned down a road that led to the frontier. We had been standing in the wings; now we were to step on the stage of the Central European drama. Nor did it take long to sense the change in atmosphere. Every two or three miles we encountered stone barricades drawn up on the roadway, leaving just enough space for a car to crawl by.

At each of these barricades were placed Czech sentries who watched the leader's car go by and never gave the slightest sign of disrespect or discourtesy. At every bridge we crossed there were deep holes dug on either side to facilitate their destruction by explosives. Here and there in the fields were machine-gun emplacements fully manned. There was no movement of troops, no heavy concentration of them that we could see. But, unobtrusively, the Czechs were in position, waiting by day and night for the German invasion that might come.

The frontier itself is simply a quiet road with two barriers a few yards apart. On one side is Germany, on the other side Czechoslovakia. A couple of German officials were sitting in the sun, two Czech officials were leaning by their barrier listening to someone playing the piano very badly inside an adjoining house. At night, I am told, the officials of the two countries pass beer bottles to each other and gossip over the day's happenings.

With a sense of weariness over the madness of men, I said good-by to my Nazi friends and, getting into my own car, began the three-hour drive back to Prague. Back to the imperturbable capital of the hybrid republic, to the city of unbelievable calm, to the skyline of the twin towers that seem to say to the incoming traveller: "Here you will find the enduring things that bring riches and tranquillity to the mind."

But something had happened to Prague. I found the place seething with excitement. It was six o'clock on a Sunday evening, yet hundreds of people were crowding around a loud-speaker microphone in which a voice in Czech was shouting stridently. Motor cars equipped with wireless sets were stopped in the streets by people listening to the voice. I jumped out and nosed my way into the crowd. What was it? I asked the question a dozen times until at last a man turned on me and shouted:

"Football! Czechoslovakia has scored one and Brazil nothing."

No wonder the gods laugh sometimes.

### "We Would Fight"

NEXT DAY I went to the Foreign Office and had a talk with Dr. Kamil Krofta, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He used to be a professor and still looks more like one than like a politician.

"There is hope," he said. "The Sudeten Germans are not lacking in men of goodwill among their leaders. We will go as far as we possibly can to give them the fullest measure of autonomy and liberty of action. We do not deny them their schools, their language or their customs, but on no account can we agree to a form of autonomy which would permit them to declare their determination to join the Reich. The Sudeten country is our natural frontier. Without it we could not defend ourselves for any time at all. With it an enemy would find us a second Verdun. In fairness let me say, too, that among the leaders of Germany there are also men of goodwill."

I put to him the question that is in many minds. Supposing Germany made no military move against them, but decided to crush them economically?

"We have to face that probability," said the Foreign Minister, "but already the U. S. A. have shown great sympathy with our situation and are opening up channels of trade for us that will give us life even if Germany should decide to boycott our goods."

I asked him what would happen if Germany did enter the Sudeten country on the pretext, genuine or otherwise, of protecting the safety of the Germanic people there.

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"We would fight," said Dr Krofta. France will stand by us. Russia will send help and we do not believe that England would be indifferent. Our people are absolutely firm in their resolution, our army is first rate and they would fight to the last man."

This was not said in a bellicose manner at all. Rather it was in the voice of a man who sees reality. He did not deny that there had been mistakes and possibly injustices in the treatment of the Sudeten minorities. On the other hand he showed that it is not easy to deal with a powerful minority which has surrendered its very soul to the political creed of another nation. That is why no Sudeten German is allowed to fly an airplane. That is why no Sudeten factory is given armament orders. The Czechs say that they cannot trust their Germanic co-citizens.

That afternoon we took the train for Germany. At Eger I was able to purchase a German newspaper. On its front page I read these words:

> "In spite of an election carried out in a forest of bayonets, in spite of the most brutal terrorism and felon charges by the Czech police, the Sudeten Germans were able to register yesterday a ninety per cent vote to show their loyalty to the principles of Nazi-Socialism."

Then followed a long and hysterical description of the atrocities.

I stretched out on a seat and went to sleep. There are times when the absurdity of the Europe of today can only be borne by the merciful obliteration of slumber.

### An Experiment in Liberty

WHAT IS the truth about the famous week-end of May 21, when the world seemed on the brink of another war? This is the story as given to me by a representative of the Czechoslovakian Government.

On Friday morning of May 20 the French and Czechoslovakian Secret Services sent word that the Germans were manoeuvring troops toward the frontier. The plan of the German General Staff was to send into the Sudeten country a comparatively small force. This small force was not to fire a shot unless attacked, but to declare that it had come in purely to protect the lives of the Sudeten Germans during the election. It was the belief of the German Government that they would create a situation without bloodshed which would put the Czechs in a very awkward position. In other words it would be the Czechs who would have to make the unenviable decision to make war.

On receipt of this information from the Secret Service the Czech Government issued an order for the army to mobilize and to take up defense positions. The two measures were carried out between eight o'clock on Friday night and three o'clock on Saturday morning. The whole thing was done two hours ahead of schedule. When dawn broke they were in position.

The rest of what happened on that Saturday is common knowledge.

It is impossible to say whether the story of the German plan is true or not. The Czechs do not doubt its authenticity. On the other hand neutral military observers declare that at no time did the Germans move divisions in the direction described. It is all an immense diplomatic and political puzzle. But perhaps it was for the best. I came away from Czechoslovakia with the feeling that the events of May 21, whether justified or not by the facts of the situation, definitely lessened the chance of any big war in Europe. I agree that the situation is still so tense that at any moment words of optimism may be rendered foolish. At the same time the Czechs have introduced an undeniable factor which is exerting profound influence on the course of events. Hitherto Herr Hitler, in all his famous Saturday afternoon experiments, has taken a gamble based on the hesitation of the Allies. In this case there is no gamble.

The Czechs simply say, "We fight." What is more, they will fight, even if no other nation should raise a hand to help them. It took them hundreds of years to acquire their freedom, and they will not have it taken from them again until the last man is dead.

What will be the outcome of it all? That depends on the patience of Hitler, the fair mindedness of the Czechs, the common sense of the Sudeten Germans, and the influence of Great Britain.

Czechoslovakia can never be a nation as that word is understood. It is supremely an experiment in human liberty which has not yet proved successful. Yet the fact that it is an experiment in liberty makes it imperative that it must not be destroyed on the mere plea of nationalist emotions.

The idea of Czechoslovakia is greater than the republic itself.

In the meantime, unconcerned by these academic considerations, the young Czech soldier stands on guard at the bridge just inside the frontier.

His name may not be Haratsuu but the spirit is the same.

## Answers to Quiz

*Questions on page 21*

1. (a) "Courage" induced by alcohol.
   (b) Candy.
   (c) Departure without saying farewells.
   (d) Silver white alloy of nickel, copper and zinc.
   (e) Single file.
2. (a) Robert Bruce (or Little Miss Muffet).
   (b) Moses.
   (c) Persephone, or Proserpine.
   (d) Sir Walter Raleigh.
   (e) Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.
3. (a) The famous American evangelist.
   (b) A fairly recent moving picture, starring Shirley Temple.
   (c) A book by G. K. Chesterton.
   (d) Crusoe's native servant.
   (e) A day of the week!
4. (a) In excellent health, thank you very much.
   (b) Royalty.
   (c) In debt.
   (d) In a state of depression.
   (e) In decent seclusion, one hopes, naked.
5. (a) Free on board.
   (b) *Répondez s'il vous plaît*—please reply.
   (c) Knight Commander of the Bath.
   (d) Criminal Investigation Department (of Scotland Yard).
   (e) Pretty darn quick (or maybe you were right!)
6. (a) Rochester's epitaph on King Charles the Second.
   (b) Ben Jonson said it of Shakespeare.
   (c) The Jackdaw of Rheims, in the Ingoldsby Legends ("Heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'That's HIM!'")
   (d) Sir Galahad, in Tennyson's poem of that name.
   (e) Sir W. S. Gilbert. The line appears on the bronze memorial medallion by Sir G. Frampton, R.A., on the Embankment, London.
7. (a) Rome.
   (b) Birmingham (England).
   (c) Philadelphia.
   (d) Edinburgh.
   (e) New York.

8. (a) Contemporary American author; contemporary British author and statesman.
   (b) The Roman god of wine and of the drama; Johann Sebastian, Eighteenth Century German musician and composer.
   (c) Person or animal marked by congenital lack of coloring pigment; ancient poetical name for Britain.
   (d) Nova Scotia; a mountainous district of Greece taken as the ideal region of rustic contentment.
   (e) A college of Oxford; the spirit of evil.
9. (a) Time.
   (b) Specific gravity.
   (c) Humidity.
   (d) Depth of water.
   (e) Velocity.
10. (a) Will Scarlet, henchman of Robin Hood. (Or with two t's, Sir James Yorke Scarlett, British Cavalry commander.)
    (b) The late Monte Blue, star of silent films.
    (c) Long John Silver in Stevenson's "Treasure Island."
    (d) George Sand, pseudonym of Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin (1804-1876), noted French writer.
    (e) Jack Straw, a leader of the Peasants' Rising of 1381.
11. (a) The love of money is the root of all evil. ("1st. Timothy," VI 10.)
    (b) A little learning is a dangerous thing. (Pope, "Essay on Criticism.")
    (c) I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver. ("Othello," I iii.)
    (d) In the sweat of thy *face* shalt thou eat bread. ("Genesis," III 19.)
    (e) Tomorrow to fresh *woods* and pastures new. (Milton, "Lycidas.")
12. (a) Coats of waterproofed cloth.
    (b) High boots, coming nearly to the knee.
    (c) Macadamized paving.
    (d) A hazard. "To do a Brodie" means, in current slang, to take a long chance, as Brodie did when he jumped from Brooklyn Bridge.
    (e) Just what you thought — the humble sandwich.
13. (a) Rolling stones gather no moss.
    (b) Birds of a feather flock together.
    (c) Twinkle, twinkle little star
        How I wonder what you are
        Up above the world so high
        Like a diamond in the sky.
    (d) Out of sight, out of mind.
    (e) The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat.
14. (a) Lewis Carroll.
    (b) Mark Twain.
    (c) Sam Slick.
    (d) Elia.
    (e) George Eliot.
15. (a) The baseball.
    (b) Scored a goal (hockey).
    (c) Boxer.
    (d) The only point scored in the game.
    (e) An "all-in" wrestling professional.
16. (a) The lady who tried to sweep back the sea with her broom. Hence, anyone fighting the inevitable.
    (b) The widow, "lone and lorn," in Dickens' "David Copperfield."
    (c) A character in Tom Morton's play "Speed the Plow," who has become the personification of the critical neighbor and the symbol of conventional propriety.
    (d) In Sheridan's classic play, "The Rivals," the lady who particularly enjoyed "a nice derangement of epitaphs," one who mixes up the meaning of her words.
    (e) The nonexistent friend of Mrs. Gamp in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," hence any mythical person.
17. (a) Condense.
    (b) Expurgate, especially overexpurgate. Dr. Thomas Bowdler in 1818, edited a "Family Shakespeare," in which the excisions were laughably overadequate.
    (c) Expel (as an evil spirit).
    (d) Treat a person as a celebrity to be shown off at social gatherings.
    (e) Devour voraciously.
18. (a) Beatrice.
    (b) Lady Hamilton. (No Dora *not* Jeanette MacDonald!)
    (c) Laura.
    (d) Juliet.
    (e) Héloïse.
19. (a) The hottest part of the year, in July and August.
    (b) Short half watch of two hours, 4-6, 6-8 p.m., aboard ship. Actually the word was dodge-watch, for it prevents the same man from having the same time on duty night after night.
    (c) A constable. The original is a character in "Much Ado About Nothing." For those who failed to notice the capital letter, a satisfactory answer is the fruit of the dogwood, or wild cornel.
    (d) Sirius, in the constellation Canis Major.
    (e) A two-wheeled driving cart, with two seats, back to back.
20. (a) Thomas Gainsborough.
    (b) Frans Hals.
    (c) George Frederick Watts.
    (d) Leonardo da Vinci.
    (e) Sir Joshua Reynolds.

## Looms of Conflict

*Continued from page 20—Starts on page 18*

Presently Joe's advance became slower. The woods were thinning out. Harmon could see patches of blue sky through the branches. Joe crouched, edged his way forward, then crawled on hands and knees into the shelter of a clump of underbrush. He looked back, beckoned Harmon to come ahead.

They had reached the fringe of the bush. Harmon, crouching beside the Indian, looked down over a cleared hillside down into the valley of the Rainbow.

He could see the crude dam that had been thrown across the river. The sun gleamed silver on the water pouring through the sluice; the retarded water had formed a lake down in the hollow between the hills.

At the side of the dam the bush no longer grew to the water's edge. Bill Black had known what he was doing. The hillsides had been cleared for more than a hundred yards on each side of the dam. There wasn't a scrap of brush. Not enough cover for a jack rabbit.

Harmon heard Joe's grunt of disappointment.

"No good," said the Indian.

He could see men moving about the workmen's shacks on the far slope. At each end of the dam he saw a sentry armed with a rifle. Anyone who emerged from the bush and attempted to approach the job would be covered from the moment he came into the clearing.

Harmon studied the layout, tasting bitter disappointment. It would be suicidal.

"We're out of luck, Joe," he admitted finally. "A tough hike for nothing."

"Mebbe I make crawl down there. Plenty rocks. Mebbe I make it."

"I honestly believe you'd have the nerve to try it. No use, Joe. You wouldn't have

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a chance in a thousand. They'd knock you off before you got halfway to the dam."

"Make try anyhow."

"No."

"Wait for night. Make try then."

"They'll have lights. Flares. They're not missing any bets."

"What we do, then?"

"Nothing to do but go back."

Harmon was more discouraged than he had been since he began his long-odds fight at Rainbow. He had undertaken this venture with a full realization of the risk and danger involved, but with a strong hope that audacity would see him through. There was a difference, however, between courage and suicidal folly. He didn't even have the chance of making the attempt.

Mechanically, he unbuttoned his shirt and removed the cartridges. Joe looked dubious.

"You try?"

"No. I'll leave this stuff here. I'm not going to pack it all the way back to the mill again. Maybe they'll take those guards off in a day or so and we can try again."

He buried the dynamite under a heap of sticks and leaves. Joe reached out and broke a branch of a small poplar, left the branch hanging. The dead leaves would mark the cache.

Harmon took a last glance at the dam before leaving the place. Away down below, near the tool shack on the other side of the river, he saw two figures approaching the dam. A man and a girl. The girl was slender and small; she walked with a swinging, boyish stride. The red shirt and yellow hair of the man were vivid splashes of color in the sunlight. He stood overlooking the river; one arm went out in a sweeping gesture, the other arm pulled the girl closer to his side.

Joe, recognizing them, looked curiously at Harmon.

Harmon, crouching behind the screen of leaves, felt a dull ache of futility and despair. The arrogant sweep of Daggett's arm, the girl by his side, the heavy barricade of beams and timbers that checked the swirling rush of the river—these were the ingredients of victory and defeat.

"If I could even get a sock at him," Harmon said to himself. "Just one good swing at his jaw and I think I'd feel a lot better."

It was bad enough to be beaten. But to see the enemy strutting and preening before the girl he loved—that was salt in the wound.

"Come on, Joe," he said. "Let's get out of here."

NANCY HOLCOMB had gone up river with Daggett, fully resolved upon a showdown. The right moment, however, had not yet arrived. When they met the armed guard on the portage—the guard who had turned back Bradley and his men—she had been so angry that it was with difficulty that she held her tongue. Armed guards on Rainbow River! But she had kept herself in check, and by the time they reached the dam, Daggett had almost persuaded himself that she was admiring the ingenuity of the project that had temporarily choked the life out of the Rainbow mill. Patiently he had explained that everything he had done was meant for the good of Rainbow village. As they strolled down the slope toward the dam, he slipped an arm casually about her waist. It irritated him that she was unresponsive.

"Now," he said brusquely, "what's it all about? What's wrong? Are we going to quarrel?"

"Why should we?" she countered.

Daggett gestured toward the dam.

"Are you angry about this?"

"I don't like it," Nancy told him frankly. "But there are other things. Don't you think we've made a mistake about each other?"

"I'm pretty sure I haven't made any mistake about you."

"Perhaps I have."

He winced as from a knife thrust, then laughed and drew her close. "Don't look so downcast about it," he pleaded. "You aren't getting such a bad bargain. I'm not exactly poor now, but in a few years I'll be able to give you everything your heart can desire. Winters on the Riviera, a town house, a private yacht if you care for it. In six months I'll have this merger completed and then nobody can stop me."

For the first time that day a flicker of interest gleamed in her eyes. "You have told me so little of your plans," she said reproachfully. "Really, I never understood about this merger, how you propose to effect it, or what you expect to accomplish by it. I'm afraid I am a poor business woman."

He laughed again and let his arm tighten about her with a new assurance, while he looked speculatively down upon her shimmering hair. It was the first time he had ever suspected her of having a keen personal interest in wealth, and the knowledge gave him an added sense of power. Women, he reflected, were pretty much alike after all. Their standards were not always the same, but each had her price. Well, if Nancy's chanced to be a private yacht, he would make it his business to see that she received it.

"Don't bother your pretty head where the money comes from," he said. "That will be my job. It will be yours to spend it."

He fancied that she yielded a little in his arms, and as he pressed her still closer he gloried in her passive submission.

"But I am interested, really," she said after a moment. "You have never taken me into your confidence."

"I already have twelve mills in my own name—under cover, of course—and the prospect of several more."

"Including dad's?"

She said it innocently enough, almost too innocently, for he glanced down at her sharply, but her face was hidden from his gaze.

"Well, yes," he answered casually, not quite sure of his ground. "But that will make no difference to your father. We will see that he is looked after."

She was silent for a moment, and when she did speak her voice sounded little and far away. "No, it will make no difference to him."

"Of course not. It's time he retired, anyway. He will be a lot more fortunate than the others, for most of them lost their shirts."

"You mean that they were ruined? That they lost everything?"

DAGGETT laughed carelessly. "Oh, I suppose some of them managed to wriggle out from under with a little something, but not much." He chuckled again and continued boastfully. "In no instance did a bit of property cost me more than ten cents on the dollar, and I have managed to get the cream of them, too. Oh, you needn't worry about the yacht."

"But it seems so ruthless," Nancy persisted. "So—well, ruthless to take everything—"

"I told you I would do the worrying," he interrupted. "It's business. It's a ruthless game, I'll admit, but it's the way it's been played since the dawn of creation. Only the fittest may survive. The weak must feed the strong, and the strong go out and fight for what they want." He paused, then added, "Including women."

"And the women submit, of course," she answered lightly, and moved to free herself from his restraining arms. He held her captive for a moment longer, then released her and smiled down at her, triumphantly.

"Of course," he agreed. "They are the spoils of war."

Nancy faced him. The fool, she thought! The blind, egotistic fool!

"Charles," she said sharply, "are you fighting for dad's interests or against them?"

"For them, of course. That's a ridiculous question," said Daggett. "If your father had displayed a grain of common sense this need never have happened. I told him I would look out for his interests. He must have been in his dotage to let Harmon get a hold upon him."

"You mustn't blame dad too much for that. I am to blame. It was through my influence that he went into it."

"Yours?" he asked incredulously. "You influenced him?"

"Why, yes," Nancy replied easily. "You see, I didn't understand your plans. I thought you were sincere in your offer to help."

He favored her with a sharp glance, but she smiled up at him archly, while her eyes were round and innocent. Looking at her, he thrilled to a new sense of mastery and a slight wonder that his victory had been so complete. Quite logically he decided that not until now had she realized the full value of the things he had to offer, and he suspected that she was the type of woman who, when once her mind was made up, could content herself with no halfhearted allegiance.

Naturally, his conclusion did not add to his reticence, and he continued to talk freely, lowering his voice whenever a workman approached, and feeling a new intimacy in his whispered confidences.

"Oh, well," he said, "I can't blame you for it. The fault was mine. I should have taken you into my confidence, but you—I wasn't quite sure of you then. I am not at all sorry that it happened as it did, for it will be worth whatever it costs to see Harmon's face when the river goes dry."

"Dry? You can't expect me to believe that."

"If the water chanced to cut a new channel somewhere above the dam, why naturally the river bed below the dam will go dry."

"You mean you are going to divert the river? Turn it from its course and ruin the mill?"

"It would be only for a time. It could easily be returned to its bed—and will be, once Harmon is wiped off the map."

"I see. Then the report that Nationwide planned to build a mill here is false? There really isn't any company?"

"Indeed there is, and you are enjoying it now, although that is strictly on the Q.T. I had to oust Harmon before he got a foothold."

NANCY seemed a trifle perplexed, and the tiniest of frowns wrinkled her brow. "I don't quite understand," she said. "How can one little mill like Rainbow interfere with your—scheme?"

"Because it is the key to the whole situation," Daggett explained patiently. "With this in our chain we could underbid any competitor who tried to buck our game. Harmon is no fool. He was quick to see the advantage that would be his could he gain control here. Well, his reign is about over. I kicked him down the ladder once, and this time I'll bury him so deeply that he will never crawl out."

"You kicked him down? Why?"

He regarded her thoughtfully for a moment, and when he answered there was something of his old restraint in his voice.

"It was his scalp or mine, had I proved to be the fortunate one. You wouldn't understand. It was business."

"Oh, I see! Then the things you told dad concerning Kent's honesty were untrue?"

All the blandness was swept from his face in an instant, leaving it bleak and hard.

"Kent! How long have you been calling him that?"

She laughed easily, without the slightest trace of confusion. "Old Jealousy! Did I say that?"

"Don't do it again," he warned her grimly, although he was somewhat mollified. "I suppose I am jealous of you. I shall always be so. That is the price you will have to pay for your private yacht."

"I think," said Nancy, "we had better start back."

She returned to the trail, and when Daggett fell into step behind her he had to quicken his pace to match her hurrying stride. He followed at her heels for a

moment, jocularly chiding her for her haste, but when she paid no heed to his banter, he purposely slowed his own walk and left her to hurry on alone. When he reached the shore, he found that she had already launched the canoe and had taken her place in the stern, holding the bow to the gravelly shore with quick, nervous thrusts of the paddle while she awaited him.

He pushed it off good-naturedly, stepped aboard, picked up the extra blade and knelt in the bow, but he found it difficult to match the rhythm of her hurried and driving stroke.

He twisted about to make a joking protest at the unnecessary haste, but his voice died in his throat at what he saw pictured in her face. It was contempt, naked and undisguised.

Nancy knew her own mind now. She had been angry when she saw the armed men on the portage. She had almost bitten her tongue off trying to control her temper when they were at the dam. Now she was seething. "The fool!" she told herself over and over again. "The conceited, vicious, despicable fool!" With his talk of yachts and money and mergers. Every word of his boasting had been an insult. As if she could be bought. She had given up her half-formed notion of pleading with him to abandon the dam, to restore the water to Rainbow.

Bewildered and finally furious, Daggett made half a dozen attempts to get her to tell him what had gone wrong. "But what did I say?" he pleaded, casting vainly back in his mind for some explanation of her attitude. "What have I done?"

She did not answer him until they reached the doorway of her home. And then she answered him in a manner that dealt Daggett's vanity and pride an unforgettable blow. She thrust his ring into his hand and hurried up the stairs with a high head.

HARMON was in a black mood when he came to the office next morning. He had to unlock the door himself, for with the closing of the mill the office staff had been laid off indefinitely. Permanently, it seemed now. For with the failure of his attempt to strike at the dam, he could see no hope.

Bliss had assured him that he had good grounds for a damage action, especially because he would be in a position to claim that the shutdown had been forced while the mill was at peak production. But it would be a tedious and expensive process, against all the legal and financial resources of the enemy.

"I don't want the law to help me *after* I've been ruined," he had snapped at Bliss. "I want help now."

Ruefully, Bliss had admitted that nothing more could be done.

"Get Holcomb on your side and we'll get our injunction."

"A fine chance I have of swinging Holcomb over to my side, with Daggett standing right over him, living right in his own home. Besides, I wouldn't ask Holcomb for anything," declared Harmon.

This conversation had taken place the previous afternoon, after Harmon's return from the journey up river. He stood in the silent office now, looking at a statement the company storekeeper had laid on his desk before closing time. His face clouded. He had known that the store would be a heavy burden to carry, but these figures staggered him. As long as the workers remained in Rainbow the store would have to carry them, but if they had no chance to earn wages again, they would have to be carried at a dead loss.

He rebelled against throwing in the sponge.

"Damned if I will!" he muttered obstinately, crumpling the sheet of paper in his hand. "I'll hold out here to the last hour and the last nickel. And even if it means packing a gun and shooting it out with those thugs, I'll take another crack at that dam."

He heard a light footstep in the outer office. Harmon swung around. Nancy Holcomb stood in the doorway.

Harmon's heart skipped a beat.

"Why did they send you?"

Nancy came into the room.

"Kent!" she begged in a small voice. "Don't make it harder for me. No one sent me."

Harmon hadn't been able to forget what he had seen from behind the screen of leaves on the hillside above the dam. His voice shook a little as he said:

"You're here to find out if I'm ready to quit, aren't you?"

She shook her head.

"You're not quitting, Kent."

"I don't get this," he told her. "Don't tell me your father has wakened up to the fact that Daggett is making a sucker out of him."

"It isn't like you to be harsh and cold, Kent," said Nancy. "You don't do it well."

"What do you expect me to do? Go down on my knees and thank you for all you've done for me?" rapped out Harmon.

Nancy's chin went up.

"No. I came here of my own accord, Kent."

"Well then, you came a blamed sight too late," he interrupted brusquely. "I don't know why you're here and I don't care. It doesn't mean a thing to me one way or the other. You've been trying to play both ends against the middle and you're still at it. Spend one afternoon with your boy friend inspecting the dam that is ruining me, and then you're on my doorstep next morning trying to make out that none of it is really your fault. Skip it."

Nancy turned white under the whiplash words.

"I wouldn't take that from anyone else in the world, Kent," she said slowly. "The only reason I'm taking it now is because in a sense I deserve it."

The outer door opened and Bradley came stamping in.

"Don't tell me the war's over!" he bawled. "What's the big idea of this early morning conference?"

Harmon picked up his hat.

"You're welcome to ask her," he said. He thrust the hat on his head, gave the brim a vicious tug and strode toward the outer door. "Far as I'm concerned I'm not even interested."

There was a rattle of glass as the door slammed behind him. Bradley looked at Nancy. Her face was drained of color. Slowly she twisted and untwisted a handkerchief between her fingers. Bradley was afraid she was going to cry. He gulped and said:

"Guess you'll have to make allowances, miss. It ain't like Kent to be hard-boiled."

An engine roared in the yard. Through the window they could see Harmon's car swooping toward the gate. It drummed off down the Baltou road.

"He's had a lot on his mind, see," explained Bradley. "Lots of worries."

"I know." She looked directly at Bradley. "Isn't there anything I can do? Is it too late? I only wanted to help."

Bradley shrugged.

"Nothin' much anybody can do now," he said. "The only thing that could do us any good now would be for that dam to cave in or blow up or something."

"He doesn't believe in me any more, Jim," Nancy said slowly. "I've got to make him see. I've got to make him believe—I've got to make him know that I—"

"Yeah, sure. That's right," muttered Bradley in embarrassment. He was sure from the catch in her voice that she was going to cry. And the prospect of tears filled Bradley with horror. "He's just kinda upset. He's had a pretty tough time—"

And then he saw with astonishment that Nancy wasn't crying. She was smiling.

"Jim," she said, "there's dynamite in that little shack up on the hill. Do you know if Lute has the key?"

*To be Concluded*

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## Old Hari Badmash

Continued from page 11—Starts on page 10

now to get a glimpse of his lordship. *Badmash* Agnew had said—an Indian term meaning bad medicine in general applied to an exceptionally dangerous man-killing beast or one supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. Everything I had seen or heard since coming afield had built up that impression. A situation that harked back to the time of the sabre-tooth evidently existed in this remote district. An old beast wary and trap-wise hunting at the head of his family the tiger had apparently made himself absolute lord of the countryside where he was afraid of nothing that lived or breathed. The natives either lacked the courage or the proper weapons to combat him and the prolonged dry spell and snide tracking impossible so that white men with high power rifles had been unable to take the field against him.

Suddenly Agnew's voice the merest ghost of a whisper. "Steady on, they're coming."

Over beyond the tethered goat, two greenish discs of light and winked on in the blackness, then off, then on again. A moment and there were two pairs of the floating lights then three. The poor goat was rearing and bleating in terror and that ten foot platform of ours seemed level with the ground and the frailest most foolhardy perch ever devised by man.

An interminable wait then a vague shape detached itself from the blackness, gliding slowly into the starlight toward the goat. What a setup for Twining, a perfect example of tyro's luck! They were going to take our bait, and then in natural course there would be about three minutes of snarling and hubbub in which he could pick his beast and take slow and careful aim.

But Twining was already getting to his knees. In that position, the fellow shook so that the entire platform vibrated under us. Then the clumsy ass released his safety catch with a click that sounded like a hammer blow in the stretched stillness. The tiger froze. A single leathery backward bound like an ethereal dissolution or the switching off of a picture film and he was gone into limbo accompanied by the faintest snapping of a twig. Twining fired into the blackness like a fool.

"Oh good lord!" from Agnew explosively. "Flushed the beggars to Borneo!" Then with a remarkable control and resignation under the circumstances: "They won't come back now. We'd best go. Bring back the goat Cha ben." The only other evidence of his disgust and irritation was the alacrity with which he descended from the stand. "Nothing for it but to track the swine early in the morning," he said as he led the way back to the ranch.

One could feel Twining fairly oozing relief as we took the back trail. This business wasn't so bad after all, no real danger apparently. He waxed confident and talkative as we walked, saying how jolly glad he was to have been let in on the hunt. Disgusting, like a snooty brat bragging after a mad scare. I had by now dropped all idea of pinning him down on those matters in his book for it was too evident he had never even been on a big-game hunt before.

IN THE first yellowish light of the tropical dawn we set out again next morning across rice fields and through cane-choked bottoms. Another young bullock had been killed in the night and soon we had picked up the trail of two tigers, leading away from the carcass through the dew-drenched lalang grass toward the dense jungle. The two hind quarters of the kill had been carried away for later consumption and here and there we found blood drops on the leaves or shreds of meat caught on twig or thorn to lead us on. The broad round pugs of the larger tiger were almost the size of dinner plates.

"If we're lucky," said Agnew, "we may come upon the beggar before he lays up for the heat of the day."

Presently the trail of the smaller tiger turned aside. We followed the pug marks of the larger beast. They led presently uphill through a denser and denser tangle of scrub and bamboo until one could scarcely see ten yards ahead. Dangerous going the more one knew about Lord Hari's nasty habit of circling back through the cane and stalking the hunter in turn.

Twining, unaware of this, brought up the rear looking miserable and unhappy, peering fearfully into the thickets. The fear of cobras had been added to his malaise for we had seen a cobra shortly after setting forth. I half expected Agnew would drop his foolishness on Twining for the rest of the hunt, but he was quite as insistent on that point as the night before. It was plain to me now he was putting the fellow definitely on trial. But perhaps some innate gallantry in Twining would be brought out later at close quarters. I found myself hoping so for he was not a pretty sight in the early morning light.

The sun rose shortly as the trail dipped into a dry and brush-choked ravine. It was so fresh that drops of blood from the haunch the tiger carried were still undried on the leaves and twigs. We were careful at each single footfall now and every branch was silently bent aside and held for the man behind. Suddenly Cha ben, still in the lead, thrust a warning hand behind him and crouched in a thicket. We dropped down likewise, crept up and followed the direction of his brown pointing arm.

In a clear space among the ranked white teake some six hundred yards uphill one of the most magnificent tigers I had ever seen was couched indolently on the ground taking his ease in the warmth of the morning sun before seeking his lair for the heat of the day. This undoubtedly was the sire Royal Bengal himself. His lithe body was an exotic poem of line and color. His flattened hindquarters trailed slightly downhill, flung out like some rich Oriental rug with the sun making glorious its rich satin sheen. He was looking away over the ravine, regarding something with a fierce fixity, his lean cruel bearded chin drawn in above the snowy whiteness of his chest. One great paw rested proprietarily upon the haunch of the bullock that lay before him. The reflected sunlight flashed from his unblinking yellow eyes.

The range was too great to fire. Agnew and cautiously brought forth his glasses for a clearer view of the brute. He passed them after a moment to Twining and me and the blood pounded in my veins as that superb head was brought up so close that it seemed I could toss a pebble at it. The arrogant Roman nose, the sensitive nostrils, the big black quill-like whiskers, but above all the insolent fearless sovereign pose of him—lord of all the jungle. The deep gold and black of his body lightened to pale sand color in the face, the black lines thinning to a mere spidery tracery like wax paint. The empty unforgettable eyes gave the bearded face that look of mad senile cruelty peculiar to the Bengals male.

"You can't shoot from here," Agnew whispered to Twining. "If you failed to hit him in a vital spot you'd pull a charge out of him and he'd be on us in less than six seconds." He motioned cautiously to Cha ben still crouching ahead. "Let's get on with it."

So Twining was still to be the focal point of the hunt! Agnew was making that point all too plain. The idea infuriated me. It was so patently foolhardy and dangerous to all concerned. Still, Agnew must have his definite reasons. I looked carefully to my rifle and held it in readiness as we cautiously crept forward and I was glad to see Agnew do the same. For so far as the facts were concerned there were just the two of us advancing on the tiger. True Twining came crawling along at some distance behind but a glance at the wide protruding eyes and loose lips showed that whatever nerve he might have had was quite broken, and he was absolutely not to be trusted in a pinch.

THE BLACK and gold picture in the glade above remained unchanged except that Lord Hari lifted one great paw after the other and gave them a meticulous washing. The wind was partially in our favor and we gained nearly another hundred yards following the twistings of a dried watercourse. As we halted again behind a dense thicket Twining came up with us. He was willing himself every inch of the way and I saw that his safety catch had been set off regardless of where it might endanger. His face was twisted into a grimace of extreme fear.

Agnew looked at him with a grey glint of scorn, possibly of amusement in his eye, but remained inexorable. "We'll try and gain that thick brush yonder," he whispered. "As soon as we make it, shoot. A bit long range. If you hit, he'll charge. If you miss he'll charge. But we can't do better."

Twining might have avoided a complete collapse but for that grim adjuration. All at once the dam of his control seemed to break and the fellow actually whimpered his protests, lying there in the thicket, forgetting even to keep quiet.

"Oh, good lord!" from Agnew disgustedly. "Too late! He's seen us! . . . Stand by!" he barked, and he and I slowly rose to our feet, facing up the slope.

Lord Hari had leaped to his feet in one lithe movement, his great lower jaw a-sag, one foot still on the haunch. A tall excessively lean and inimical figure he stood facing us, his black nostrils testing the breeze. A hollow roar burst from him as he made us out, the great striped head lowered and the pale eyes seemed glaring at us through black bars with an appalling up-from-under look.

"He's coming and he'll take some killing, my word! Watch sharp!"

This last was to me. I knew the Twining lead was over.

With a series of short challenging roars, like a terrible ringing battle song, the tiger swept straight down upon us in long low bounds, incredibly fast, each thudding impact with the earth seeming to tear another roar out of him. It was a magnificent thing; he knew undoubtedly that we were armed and the grimmest enemies the jungle knew, but the arrogant fire within him was too fierce to brook the slightest loss.

The odds were against us, we dare not give him half the ordinary leeway; he'd carry lead at least a hundred yards in that downhill rush with power left to blast a man at every paw stroke. Three hundred yards away and both our rifles bore on the charging brute, awaiting the decisive moment for each that must count. At our backs I sensed Cha ben, close and solid as a rock, but not Twining. Not a sound out of him. His ultimate moment had come and he had funked it cold and not even redeemed himself by a shot.

Two hundred and fifty yards, two hundred, one hundred and fifty! We had braced ourselves, both our rifle beads bobbing up and down in unison with the tiger's bounds. My whole body was an eye focalized on Agnew though I dare not actually glance aside at him. It was his grudge, his brute. I hoped he would take the beast. I was merely standing by. But

there was a limit to what my nerve would take. None apparently to his.

A hundred yards, seventy-five, sixty! Would he never fire? Was he handicapped at the crucial moment by that shrivelled forearm? The charge was ending as it always does, not in the spectacular soaring leap dear to the fiction illustrators, but in a fiendish slithering rush on three legs, the fourth raised to strike right and left like lightning as a house cat lands among mice.

"My beast!"

We had barked the two words simultaneously and the report of our rifles was like a single shot. Both hit, and lucky it was. Six hundred pounds of red and insane fury buckled in mid-air and spun downhill end over end like a teetotum literally blasted open by the heavy express bullets, but not dead yet and murder bent. The raging green eyes found us again and the creature flung its shattered length forward the curved sabre claws still seeking our lives.

Again both rifles crashed. Lord Hari collapsed upon his whitish underparts, stiffening legs all asprawl like the littlest kitten learning to crawl, one great forepaw still reaching for us scarce ten feet away. The hypnotic eyes still fixed us, filled with the bottomless hate and defiance that lives in the eyes of all cats. Even in death they did not waver, were not conquered, did not close as a lesser beast's would have, even as his grim soul launched into the dark.

It was magnificent; we were filled to the throats. Agnew stood looking down at him for a space.

"Poor devil," he murmured. "Poor tortured devil. Sorry—but it had to be. . . . I say," he added, turning to me. "Jolly good work, Thorpe. Not a single point missed, old man—here or back at the house. I'm owing you a bit of an explanation, y'know. . . . I say, where's Twining?" he asked, looking around as the association of ideas recalled the other to mind.

We saw him five or six hundred feet downhill, where he had fled stumbling headlong. He was on his knees, retching violently.

"HM. QUITE SO," said Agnew with a curl of the lip. "As I was saying—aw . . ." He hawked and cleared his throat as a deep-dyed British reluctance to come out with a sentiment. "This tiger, y'know—thought I'd a grudge against him, eh? All tosh. Fact is I'm going to miss the blighter no end. Hunting him, figuring how to outwit him, planting traps—it all jolly well made up for the cattle he took. No, the tiger I hunted today, Thorpe, lived in here." He tapped his chest. "I walked him up and out—he's dead as that brute yonder. I thank I'll never bring this up again—shouldn't now except that you saw what was on, of course—that first night. I—tried to uncover a real man in Twining, hoped for it, if you understand what I mean. Would have been a relief to know he was a proper man if he and Carol ever found themselves on thin ice, y'know. Not that I doubted Carol's strength, understand, if the man was strong and sure. A chap who'd stand like a rock before the rush of a real tiger for instance—he'd know jolly well how to handle the tiger in himself. Twining's not one of those. However I fancy after today."

He broke off for Twining was coming toward us, looking utterly miserable and apologetic. "I—I'm a swine and a rotter, Agnew," he burst out bitterly. "I don't know what to say."

Agnew looked at him long and fixedly. "Best say nothing, I fancy," he said pointedly. "And there'll not be a word from Thorpe and me about it, you have my word there."

After a space Twining looked up. "I say, there's a P. & O. boat leaving for Bombay late this afternoon, isn't there? I'd awfully like to catch it, it'd be best, you know—"

"Perhaps it would," said Agnew and we turned back toward the car leaving Cha ben to skin out the tiger.

Twining was silent on the way back to the city, wrapped doubtless in his own scathing thoughts. But Agnew was reassuringly decent and easy on him—the kindly largesse of the victor for it was a big battle he had won back there in the bush.

## Young Man of the Sea

Continued from page 7—Starts on page 5

more than that. A good cruiser wouldn't make so much of this. She was drawing away from him slowly.

He strained his smarting eyes ahead beyond the lumbering *Nymph*. He could see white water out there in the open Bay, where the wind was blowing the tops off the seas. It would be dirty there among the curlers, and *Nymph* with no great keel and underbody to balance her high superstructure, might go down wind faster than she went ahead. That would be all right as long as she had plenty of water to leeward.

The wind was hardening in the gusts now and not easing off much between puffs, a sure sign of more to come. The force of it kept *Nymph* from rolling to windward. She took on a heel like a sailing craft.

IN TEN MINUTES both boats were out in it. And even with a double reef, it was more than *Taeping* should have been asked to take. Walt knew that but Sally was there on *Nymph*. That Quintard had gone out into this proved well enough that he was unfit to handle his boat. Anything could happen. The wind and the sea had a weight to them that meant trouble.

Walt's stubbornness was gone, but in place of it was a cool and biting solicitude for Sally. He must stand by and stay afloat until that blasted idiot turned back. Somehow he must!

With white water curling up over the leeward coaming of the cockpit, *Taeping* tore along. Occasionally the top of a sea came lopping aft over the cabin house. The self bailing pipes in the cockpit got rid of most of it.

Then he took two seas in succession. *Taeping* lost some of her way. The cockpit was half full; she lay over sluggishly. Walt grabbed a bucket and, with one hand on the tiller, bailed furiously. He got most of it out in time; a third would have made her unmanageable. He babied her along, anxious eyes on *Nymph*. He was losing ground fast, but he would be of more use far astern than on the bottom.

Suddenly Walt grunted in relief. *Nymph* was turning, putting her bows toward the weather. Slowly she swung until she was headed back toward the harbor.

"About time, too," Walt muttered. Carefully he put the little sloop about and nursed her along.

*Nymph* gained on him rapidly. Quintard was opening her up in his rush toward shelter. He was heading to pass well to windward of the struggling little sloop. She drew closer. Walt didn't like the way she was making leeway. That drift was taking her down on him sideways.

"I hope he knows it," he muttered as she loomed on his port quarter. Seen at that angle, the cruiser had a bow like a battleship. He made out Quintard at the wheel. Sally was on the other side of the wheelhouse, watching *Taeping* plunge over the seas.

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With the whole Bay to sail in Quintard was getting uncomfortably close. He kept turning his wheel a trifle to pass to windward of the laboring *Taeping*. But the wind on his high-sided craft was sweeping him bodily down on the sloop. Walt's duty was to hold course and speed so that the motorboat could reckon on his position. He didn't like the job right then. But doing anything else would certainly confuse Quintard.

"Snap out of it," he muttered at Quintard. "Quit fiddling and let her slide to leeward. You're not handling a car!"

It got bad quickly. *Nymph* came lumbering down on him almost dead astern. Angrily Walt glared up at the wheelhouse of the looming cruiser. He caught his breath at what he saw.

Quintard was frozen to the wheel that seemed so devilishly to defy him. Head rigid, eyes staring, he was watching in dreadful fascination the way his huge craft came tramping down remorselessly on the smaller boat ahead of him. Frozen!

Walt leaped up. Against the speed of that towering boat he could do nothing himself. His eyes swept from that helpless figure at the steering wheel to Sally on the other side of the wheelhouse. His hands shot up to her in a gesture of command. They swung that wheel in swift and vivid pantomime.

Sally darted across the wheelhouse like a streak of obedient fire. Her slim body rammed into Quintard's; her desperate strength knocked him clear of the wheel even as her own hands grasped the spokes. She whirled it furiously to windward.

THE moment after he had made that gesture Walt had swung his own tiller to send *Taeping* spinning down wind.

Under Sally's helmsmanship *Nymph* swung her nose around into the wind, heeding the thrust of the rudder hard to port. And *Taeping* seemed to leap out from under that tramping forefoot. For an instant the straight stem of the motorboat seemed certain to slash through *Taeping's* counter. Then it slid past. Safe!

Inches away and in the lee of *Nymph's* high side the sloop wallowed in a trough. Her mainsail was thundering and her boom swinging wildly. Then, as *Nymph's* stern slid past, a gust came howling down. It hit the flogging sail with tempestuous force. Though Walt had let go his sheet, the weight of that blast, intensified by *Nymph's* high side, was too much for his tall slender mast.

Even as *Taeping* buried her coaming the overstrained weather shroud let go. The mast curled like a whip, then crackling, broke off at the deck and went smashing into the sea. A backstay whined past Walt's ear as he flattened out on the cockpit floor.

He jumped up again. *Nymph* was running to windward, well clear of him now. Gripping the side Walt stared at the tangle of spars, sail and rigging swashing alongside the sloop. Dismasted!

*Taeping* rose on a crest and dropped swiftly again. Something thudded heavily against her bow. It was the splintered butt of the mast. It had hit her like the battering ram of doom.

Walt wrenched open the cabin door, reached in and grabbed up the boathook. He clambered forward. With all he had in him he shoved the mast away from the side before it could pound her again. On his knees on the foredeck he braced himself precariously against the low house and fended off the mast. She was still fairly under him; that meant she had not been holed. She must not be holed; the heavy chunk of iron that was her keel would drag her under very swiftly. He kept that battering ram away.

As he struggled he ran his eyes over the tangled mess alongside. The weather shrouds and backstay had carried away, but a dozen wires and lines still held the mast to the hull. He could cut the lines, but to rid her of the wires he must unshackle the turnbuckles. That meant he must get a wrench from the cabin.

Of a sudden he became aware of a sound rising persistently above the crash and hiss of seas and the note of the wind. He looked up.

*Nymph* was there to windward of him, sounding her siren. Her company lined the rail, staring. Quintard was leaning out the window by the steering wheel, no longer frozen. Sally had left the wheel.

It was a bitter moment for Walt. What he had anticipated and even predicted for Quintard had befallen himself. His little ship had suffered disaster. Quintard's still rode the seas uninjured. It had been the wind, not the *Nymph*, that had taken the stick out of her. Quintard had failed too, but that didn't matter. Nobody expected anything of Quintard. But he, Walt, should have saved that stick somehow. He was supposed to be a sailor.

He saw Sally there beside the others, clutching the rail, staring. Her face was a small blur between black sou'wester and yellow slicker. Patiently she had obeyed him year after year, until that final rebellion, while he strutted out his role of salty sailing man; and now she saw him like this! It stung.

One of Quintard's deck hands raised aloft to Walt's eyes a life preserver to which was fastened a line. He threw the cork jacket overboard and paid out the line. It began drifting down wind toward the dismasted sloop.

For Walt it was the final ignominy. Quintard expected him to abandon his boat. Abandon—with a sound hull under him and spars and canvas alongside out of which it might be possible to fashion some sort of jury rig. Abandon!

Walt straightened up on the heaving deck and took one hand off the boathook. He stabbed his fist toward the harbor, gesturing repeatedly.

"Keep going!" he roared, though the wind must smother his words. "Keep going—for shelter, you poor mutts, you!"

He turned his attention to the wreckage. If he could secure that boathook somehow to keep the butt end of the mast clear . . .

The motorboat's insistent horn stopped him again, and again he motioned vehemently and compellingly toward shelter.

"Go to blazes!" Walt snapped. "This doesn't prove a thing! It was my fault—not the boat's. Abandon? I'll sink first!"

Quintard had a megaphone now. He shouted unintelligibly through it, waved it and pointed toward the drifting life preserver. It was well astern of the sloop now.

Sally was still standing motionless, studying *Taeping*.

Of a sudden Quintard left the wheel and rushed out on deck. He drew his two professionals to him and led them to the varnished dinghy suspended on davits on the port quarter. With a gesture he commanded them to lower. The two sailors stared at it and then glanced up the whistling wind in doubt. Quintard waved his megaphone at them, shouting angrily. He was in a frenzy of impatience to retrieve himself.

Walt shook his head. "No!" he roared. "No! Get back to shelter! I can handle this!"

He raised an arm and pointed steadily toward the harbor. If only he had a wrench handy or could risk a rush to the cabin! On that wrench *Taeping's* life depended. But even more than he desired a wrench, he wanted *Nymph* on her way to port with Sally. He still distrusted that big high-sided ark.

If Quintard got himself tangled up in an unnecessary rescue in his present prancing excitement anything could happen. He was driving the men to clearing the dinghy for launching.

"You'd better send more than two if you figure on dragging me off this boat!" Walt said through his teeth.

Of a sudden Sally moved toward Quintard. She laid a hand on his arm. Walt saw that she no longer wore either sou'wester or slicker. She spoke briefly to *Nymph's* commander, then turned to the rail. Coolly she placed her hands on it, well apart.

Quintard rushed toward her, shouting. Sally dived neatly into the sea.

"You crazy kid!" Walt muttered. "What's the idea?"

IN AN instant her dripping head broke through the white water. She lifted it for a breath and then submerged to swim toward *Taeping*. The seas lifted her on their breaking crests and carried her along.

Quintard was at the rail, staring at the girl. Frozen again. The two seamen had stopped work on the boat. Startled, Walt clung to his boathook. A double reason now for keeping that mast from staving in *Taeping*. She was coming. Her head was close to the side.

She seized the rail and pulled herself aboard. Then, panting, she came scrambling forward with water streaming from her floppy blue trousers and sweater.

"Need a crew to help jury rig her?" she asked breathlessly as she sank down beside him on the foredeck.

"Not a crew, Sally," he said against a gust of wind. He took a hand off the boathook, stretched it out and engulfed her cold wet fingers. Gravely he shook hands with her, man fashion, a quick handshake of full equality.

Sally's cheeks were red enough from the sting of spray and the rush of wind, but she blushed nevertheless, a rushing surge of color. She looked down at her hand in happy wonder while he repelled a plunge of the mast.

"That—that's the nicest thing you ever did, Walt," she said.

"I haven't finished!" he said. He leaned over and kissed her vigorously on the lips. "You're saltier now than I'll ever be," he muttered. "I hope you'll forgive—"

"Wh—what are the orders?" she asked in a great hurry. "After—what might have happened I know about orders, Walt."

"Forget it."

"No! I was just standing there—until you made me jump. Orders! Quick, Walt, or we'll be rescued!"

He came out of it with a start. "For Pete's sake, get me a wrench!" he cried. "We've got to rig the jib or a hunk of the main on the boom and breeze down wind to one of the ports to leeward. We can make it as the tide eases."

It was a tough wet job, and a cold one. *Nymph*, hooting imploringly, stood by while they worked. Sally looked toward her once as they rigged stays to support the boom, and laughed.

"You should have seen yourself when you caught sight of that life preserver on the line," she whispered. "Of all the statues of outraged manhood and Ajax defying the lightning! I thought you'd swim over and hit poor Clive."

He looked at her hopefully.

"You were so funny!" she said quickly.

He fumbled a knot and bent his head.

"But you—you weren't bad at all, Walt."

"Take the tiller while I hoist this jib," he said.

She hurried aft. He watched her go. Gingerly he raised on the upright boom the small sail that was to help to take them down wind to shelter. A gust hit the canvas, but the jury mast and its new stays stood up to the strain.

*Taeping* stirred in the water, gathered way and answered her helm. She ran precariously on the charging seas and dropped breath-takingly into the hollows. Once more they had a boat.

Walt, taking his eyes off the swelling sail, glanced astern. He frowned darkly as he saw *Nymph* wallowing after them.

"What does that lubber think he's doing—following me around!" he said hotly.

Sally, holding the little sloop before it, laughed at him. "After all, you're running away with his girl," she said.

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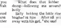
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She called her husband's office and his secretary said that Mr. Hastings had gone out for an hour; he had not said where he was going; when he came back should she have him call?

Tears blinded Edith's eyes, shutting out Aunt Margaret and Lissa and their foolish expressions. "The minute he gets back—" she said. In an hour the worst might happen; a ship might sail. Robert at the barber's perhaps while his youngest daughter It might come on and she did not know where Angie was. If she actually did not know where she was—she could not bear it.

ANGIE had edged out soon after dawn when the grass was silver wet, and her footprints left a wet black pattern like a black running vine across the lawn. Elmer and Pete, pale and floating in the pale and floating light, waited with bundles tied in flannel shirts slung over their shoulders. "Hi. Is everything okay?" She spoke in a whisper and doled out two doughnuts.

"Yah."

"Let's get going."

"Did anyone hear you go, Angie?"

"No." She looked sharply at Elmer. His eyes were wild behind his straws of hair. "How are you, John?"

"Swell," said Elmer faintly. "So's Abe."

"Swell," said Angie. She sniffed the fresh clean air and looked eagerly at the quiet empty street. No cars were out; her own familiar street was wary and strange. "Let's get going," she repeated, and they began to trot.

They turned south on the main road because they were going to Saint John where they expected to board a freighter. Someone had told Pete you could always get a job on a freighter if you were willing to work without pay.

"Did you leave the letter, Angie?" Pete's long wrists hung out of his sleeve; his hand flapped as he trotted.

"Yah. Call me Min. We remembered to call you Abe."

"Min. When do you think she'll find it?"

"Not for ages because I said when I went to bed I said, 'Don't disturb me in the morning.'"

"You'd ought to have mailed it from Saint John like I told you."

"No I oughtn't. Don't keep saying that. My mother would have worried." She shifted her belongings, tied up in a red bandanna, to the other hand. She did not want to think about her mother.

"I wish we all looked more alike, Abe," she said accusingly to Pete. "John and I look something alike all right, but you don't. Nobody will think we're sister and brothers. It's your glasses."

"I'm not going to go without my glasses."

"Nobody asked you to."

"Well, we might get some glasses at the ten-cent store," said Elmer. "What do you say we get some glasses at the ten-cent store, Angie?"

"Call me Min, I told you."

"Min. And then we'd look more like Abe."

"Elmer wouldn't look like me in a hundred years," said Pete huffily.

"I don't want to look like you."

"You couldn't."

Angie looked from one to the other. "Well," she said, "gee, it's swell, isn't it? Gee, boy, here we are running away at last."

"Gee, sure, yah, it's swell," said Pete faintly.

They had forgotten a plan to keep out of sight as much as possible until they were well past town, and now a roadster about to pass them stopped suddenly and the head of Rick Barton, a friend of Lissa's,

# Angie's Bushmen

*Continued from page 15—Starts on page 14*

was thrust over the car door. "For the love of Pete! Angie Hastings and friends. Where are you kids going—to see the sea?"

They stopped in their tracks.

He grinned. "Want a lift?"

"Where are you going?" said Angie.

"Up to the river to try out a new motorboat."

"Well," said Angie, "we're going the other way."

He gave her a cold understanding look. "Pop in here, Angie."

"We're going across this field," said Angie firmly. "So long, Rick."

"Look here, Angie," he called, "don't you know a beautiful gal like you shouldn't be out so early in the morning with just two gents? You ought to have three."

She started determinedly across the field followed by the boys and when she looked back Rick was still sitting there watching them.

"We might as well turn back now," said Pete, slowing up. "My pop will just about be opening up the store and wondering where I am. Rick will go home and say he saw us, and then they'll know where we went. They'll come and find us and take us home, and maybe arrest us."

"Do you want to go home, Elmer?"

"No."

Angie looked at Pete.

"I don't want to go home," he said, "but how'll we get across the river if we keep off the main road?"

"Swim."

"Swim!" He spoke as if she had said "Fly!" And when later they reached the bank he began rooting around among the grasses and at last gave a hoot of triumph. "I've found one! A boat, a swell one, and you said we had to swim."

Angie looked coldly at the old dory and the grey paint peeling off. "Is there an oar?"

"No," said Pete, "but you can row with your hands. I've done it millions of times."

THEY pushed the boat into the water, loaded themselves in and shoved off with a stick. The boat filled rapidly in spite of Angie's bailing, and in the middle of the river it began to sink. Angie held her bandanna in her teeth and struck out swimming on her side and looking back. Elmer began doing a breast stroke, and Pete held to the boat and did nothing. Angie took the bundle out of her teeth an instant and called back, "Come on, Pete, it isn't far. Okay?"

He let go the boat and started after Elmer, whose breast stroke kept him afloat but did not get him much nearer shore. When Pete reached Elmer he threw his arms around him; the water churned and they both disappeared.

Angie dove, came up, dove again. When she reappeared she was holding Pete by the collar and Elmer was clinging to her shoulder. They started crawling for the shore.

"He's dead," sobbed Elmer.

Angie said through her teeth, "I socked him."

They pulled him up on the bank and Angie shook water out of him. When he opened an eye she curled up on the ground, her head on her arm, looking as though she would never move again. Her bandanna was gone, the boys' bundles were gone. When Pete sat up he looked at Elmer. We're alive, their eyes said, and then they both looked at Angie. She was not only worn out, she was removed; she did not care what happened to them now. They gave each other a long, mournful, frightened look, and neither of them said anything but each of them understood. Unless they redeemed themselves, unless they did something beyond themselves, something impossible, they would lose her.

RICK BARTON brought her home, dignified and pathetic, wearing a skirt and sweater too big for her, wispier than ever, her hair plastered to her head, carrying a damp bundle rolled under her arm.

"Angie!" Edith looked with new eyes, tender and humble, at this graceless child who had saved two lives.

"That's all. Only Pete lost his glasses."

"But, Angie—"

"You'll probably be written up in the paper," said Lissa. She wondered what Jerry would think of that. "Maybe you'll have one of those medals for heroism; you probably will."

Angie looked restlessly toward the door.

"Darling—"

"No, I don't see how you did it, child," said Aunt Margaret.

Angie smiled her quick transforming smile at her mother. "Mummie, can I please have a lot of your lavender bath salts in a big hot tub?"

Bathed, dressed and fed, she was heard at the telephone. Her words were the same as ever, but her tone had changed. It was careless. It did not shut her and Elmer and Pete into a world alone.

"Hullo, Pete, is that you? Say, how's your old bean? Nothing would hurt your bean Well, I guess you're okay Did you hear from Elmer? That guy's so dumb he wouldn't call anybody up; he's so dumb he'd just wait for them to call up him. Okay How about what? Boy, you belong in one of those deaf and dumb places, you're so deaf and dumb I wouldn't know about that, ask Elmer Say, I'm sorry about your glasses. Probably a trout is wearing them now, one of Elmer's little brothers. Listen, your dad can afford to buy you another pair; think of all the Eskimo pies he sells Well, I'm glad your bean is okay anyhow; I thought it would be No, I can't today So long, Sylvester."

SHE drifted into the living room, sat down on the couch very close to her mother, her damp head on Edith's shoulder, and taking Edith's hand gently in hers, turned the latter's wedding ring round and round.

"What's Lissa doing?" she said suddenly. To show the least interest in Lissa and her correct activities was unusual. "Lissa, what are you doing?" she called as she rushed upstairs.

Lissa sat on a corner of her bed filing a thumbnail with the concentration of an artist creating a masterpiece. She was facing a mirror but not looking in—she never needed reassurance about her appearance. "I'm going to play tennis with Jerry," she said.

"Make him play a set with me, will you?"

Lissa, about to snap "I certainly won't," changed and said politely, "He'd be honored."

"Nuts. Lis, listen, what do you do when a boy gives you a line, Lissa?"

"Who gave you a line?"

"Oh, no one. Rick Barton, maybe. What do you do?"

"Oh, just let him know you know he's giving you a line."

"That's what I thought," said Angie. She looked hopefully in the mirror and then looked away—with her hair still wet she was stringier than ever. "Lissa, would you call Ricky a good looking boy?"

Down in the living room Aunt Margaret was adding excitement to an already crowded day. "I'm thinking of going abroad for six weeks," she was saying, "if I can get bookings on the *Statenbeck*. Edith, what would you say to my taking Angie with me, if you can spare her, and showing her Wimbledon? I think it's the psychological moment to take her away from those boys."

Edith knew she should feel that this was an answer to prayer, that she should thank Aunt Margaret with tears of gratitude in her eyes—and all she could think was, Oh, I can't bear anything more today. I can't get along without Angie. I've just got her back. The summer without Angie would be hollow, no fun. She stirred up what enthusiasm she could, and told Aunt Margaret in a stricken voice that it was the most wonderful thing in the world that could happen to Angie.

IN THE days that followed Elmer and Pete stood reproachfully in the bushes and watched Angie rush out and in. Edith half expected they would turn up to see Angie off, but there was no sign of them on the steamer.

There stood Angie in ghillies, a new tweed suit with a gardenia, and a felt hat off her forehead. She had a Ritz haircut and an air of composure. Next to her parents the last one to say good-by was Rick Barton, who had driven in with a carload of Lissa's friends. "Now don't go vamping the captain, Angie," he said, "you'll get him all flustered up, the poor guy, and he's got plenty to worry him looking after the ship."

"You and your line," said Angie competently.

When Edith returned home she half expected to see Elmer and Pete in the bushes—more wispy, more overgrown, more dejected than ever. Surely one hay-colored head would soon appear—with scarcely discernible eyes, they were so small and so hidden by wisps of hair—and one bony wrist with a dirty sleeve halfway up to the elbow. They never regarded Edith as an individual, never saw her as a person, only as the mother of Angie. "Mrs. Hastings," they would say politely, "when is Angie coming back?"

But this time there was no one there and everything seemed strangely flat and empty.

A couple of days later Edith looked up from the city paper and cried out, "Robert!"

"Yes?"

"Have you seen this paper?"

"You haven't given me a chance." But he looked apprehensive.

"Two stowaways were found in a lifeboat on the S.S. *Statenbeck* this morning."

He looked stunned.

"Yes," she said. "Sylvester Tuttle and Elmer Fish."

His face broke up in sudden laughter like Angie's sudden laughter. "What!" he said and roared with glee. "The bushmen roused!"

# Spider Web in Steel

*Continued from page 13—Starts on page 12*

Catwalks are footbridges corresponding in a sense to the temporary scaffolding erected by carpenters when they build a house. They form no part of the bridge itself but they are essential to its construction. A sort of makeshift bridge had to be built preliminary to the laying of the catwalks, and this was a move which had to be carefully rehearsed and planned.

When the hour came—early in the grey daybreak—two black cones were hoisted from the mast at Prospect Point signal station at the south side of the Lion's Gate. The black cones meant that the fairway through the Narrows was obstructed, that navigation for the time being was forbidden. But not for long. The business of hauling the first catwalk cables, weighing thirty-two tons, across through fast-running tidal water, was accomplished by three tugboats in little more than an hour. Hoisting tackles on the bridge towers lifted the cables into place, and when they were securely anchored the catwalks, consisting of a series of wooden "sidewalks," were laid end to end across the cables. For the first time the Lion's Gate had been spanned, but building of the bridge itself was actually only just begun.

### Suspension Cables

MAINSTAY of the permanent bridge is of course the suspension cables—as necessary as a man's spinal cord. The hanging of those two cables parallel with each other across the Lion's Gate over the tops of the towers and then down to the anchorages on either shore, was the next job to be tackled.

Building of the anchorage for the great cables, in itself, was an intricate operation. At the south end of the bridge the anchorage had to be buried in solid rock, while at the north end it had to be built up; thus the two had to be of entirely different design and dimensions.

First a huge lattice cage of steel into which the anchors were to be set was constructed. For each cable there were twenty-one anchors, the latter resembling huge double fishhooks. Placement of the anchors was a job requiring the utmost precision to ensure their being in a direct line with the cables.

This operation completed, concrete was poured into the steel framework: 10,700 cubic yards of it into the north anchorage, 6,850 cubic yards into the south. And when the concrete set, the anchors were locked so securely that no force could wrench them loose. The total pull on each anchorage, from the two cables together, is about 6,300 tons!

The permanent cables are great steel ropes elaborately fashioned from separate strands. Each cable is 3,400 feet long—more than three fifths of a mile. Each one consists of sixty-one prefabricated strands, each of which in turn is composed of forty-seven galvanized steel wires twisted together. The strands were drawn across the catwalk and placed one by one in the form of a hexagon which was later rounded off to a circular shape with a specially treated cedarwood filler. The whole was then bound with galvanized wire to make a final diameter of thirteen and a quarter inches.

The strands were made and measured in Lachine, Que., and no cutting was done at the bridge site—a process that made exactitude in preliminary preparation a first essential. But regardless of that, the laying of those strands to form the main cables was a complex and difficult undertaking. In the heat of the day the strands near the top of the mass would writhe like huge reptiles. They would expand and sag, buckle and twist, and drop between the lower, cooler ones. So the work had to be done when the temperature was uniform, usually at night under the glare of floodlights. As the strands were finally set in place they were clamped securely together to form two master cables to bear the weight of the bridge.

"There were times when the bridge really seemed alive," said one of the engineers. "We couldn't do a thing with those cables during the day if the sun was shining. The only thing we could do was to stage our taming act at night."

WITH the cables in place, the next operation was the hanging of the trusses—the rigid steel frameworks which constitute the side walls of the bridge proper and between which the bridge floor is laid. At regular intervals along the two main cables steel suspender ropes were hung. One by one, individual sections of truss work, each one weighing nine tons, were hoisted from scows and tied in to the suspender ropes and to one another. Once in place the truss work makes a solid and more or less rigid frame which adds to the

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structure's strength, distributes the load and offsets the sway of the cables. Finally came the concrete decks and roadway—laying of which was little more than a highway construction job, even though it was carried out more than 200 feet above tidewater.

The bridge will be ready for traffic some time this winter, and its completion will give Vancouver a spectacular new landmark.

A bridge across the First Narrows has been talked about for years, but principal credit for the great Lion's Gate structure goes to A. J. T. Taylor, a Vancouver engineer. Back in 1931 when the world was bogged down in the depths of depression it was he who visualized the complete project, a bridge through Stanley Park and a great development scheme for the North Shore, and it was he who in that year went to England with a vision and a persuasive talent that resulted in the Guinness family investing the necessary capital—$6,000,000 for the bridge and $4,000,000 for land development. Today he is president of the company which, after surmounting many obstacles, is now carrying the project through to conclusion. Tolls will be levied to meet the charges on the capital involved, and at the end of fifty years Vancouver will have the right to purchase the structure.

Designer of the bridge was Col. C. N. Monsarrat, of Montreal, and D. B. Armstrong is engineer in charge of construction. Contracts were let in January, 1937, but actual construction was not commenced until later that year. The Dominion Bridge Company and the Hamilton Bridge Company shared the contracts for the steel work, while the substructure was built by Stuart Cameron and Company.

It has taken a long time to get the bridge, and the building of it has involved no little difficulty. But Vancouver takes pride in the magnificently conceived aerial highway which, by early 1939 at the latest, will be carrying a stream of traffic across the historic Lion's Gate.

## Maclean's Crossword Puzzle

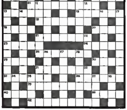
### Across

2. No bird so wary as this South American ostrich.
8. This card game requires an ingenious box with springs.
9. Europe's smallest sea.
10. Town on Okanagan Lake.
13. Go up.
15. Adornment for milady's ankle.
18. Might be a good end for a bad marriage.
19. Cape Dutchman.
20. "—— is wrought by want of thought."
21. The part of a house that usually is first to fall.
23. Used cover for grouse moors.
24. City in France's War area.
25. Name given to schools and learned societies.
28. You can't say they don't give a hoot.
30. A player in this game needs six legs with more in reserve.
31. A gift—or simply here.
33. A dog to go with a gun.
36. Here's a dozen.
39. Liveliness.
40. Pal.
41. Elongated circle.
42. These people are sorry and mean to reform.

### Down

1. A route between two peaks.
2. A sacerdotal cloak.
3. "I count only the sunny hours."
4. Threatening.
5. Junior official in the diplomatic service.
6. Jerk or tug.
7. Girdle, terrestrial division.
11. Finish.
12. One of the numerals.
13. Having two meanings.
14. A popular make of car.
16. Nova Scotian coast town.
17. With this you see more stars But not the men on Mars.
21. A climbing legume.
22. A beam of light.
26. Food for vultures.
27. Choral music is sung in ——— when two airs are blended.
28. Papers do not fail to ——— international contention.
31. Write.
32. "——— wrongs don't make a right."
34. A sound returned by an obstruction.
35. To fill up the bore hole behind a blasting charge.
37. A grandson of Adam.
38. Small bottle.

Solution of this puzzle on page 36



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Vaseline
PETROLEUM JELLY

## Here Come the Hostelers

*Continued from page 16*

tion is more fundamental than anything that has yet been devised.

Just last year, during a private conference, President Roosevelt in sending his greetings to all youth hostelers remarked: "I was brought up on this sort of thing and realize the need for hosteling. From the time I was seventeen I spent most of my holidays bicycling on the Continent. This was the best education I ever had—far better than schools. The more one travels the better citizen he becomes, not only of his own country but of the world." Since that time the President and Mrs. Roosevelt have been made Honorary Presidents of the A. Y. H.

Membership in either the C. Y. H. or A. Y. H., through their affiliations with the International organization, opens the way to hosteling thrills in Europe, where more than 5,000 hostels enable hostelers to travel from the north of Norway through twenty countries as far south as Italy. The average budget for such a trip would be something close to a dollar a day—which is a rather inexpensive way to see Europe.

Styles vary. This log hostel is at Jumping Pound, Alberta

### Originated in Germany

GERMANY, a nation always enthusiastic about anything to do with physical development, is the cradle of the hostel idea. A German schoolteacher, Richard Shirrman, founded the original youth hostel. Having been transferred from his rural school to the smoke and filth of a great industrial city, Shirrman, always a lover of nature, conceived the idea of taking his pupils on regular trips into the country away from their sordid and unhealthy environment. Even in those early days when hiking with the children, he dreamed of inexpensive but adequate shelter that would make possible longer jaunts with overnight stops. In 1910 he had his chance, when he was appointed to the post of administrator of a museum, just opened, in a medieval castle at Altena. He was given permission to fit up some of its spacious rooms as dormitories—and the world's first youth hostel came into existence. Since it opened its doors to weary young travellers, away back in 1910, more than 200,000 guests have found shelter as they came to the castle gates at the end of a day on the trail.

The hostel idea was taken up with great and spontaneous enthusiasm by the entire German nation. There were seventeen hostels built during the next year and today there are over 2,000 in Germany. The remainder of Europe was not slow to see merit in the hostel idea. Sweden and Denmark alone have about 150 hostels covering each of these little countries.

In the British Isles hostels were early in demand, for the Britisher is an inveterate cyclist and a natural explorer. Here the trails may be followed from the north of Ireland and Scotland to the English Channel. The traveller may find himself in every manner of building which has been fitted up as a hostel. There is even an old sailing ship, berthed in the south of England, which has become an excellent hostel and has a retired sea captain as its warden. These English hostels, as fine as can be found anywhere, were made possible through the generosity of service clubs and private citizens. The Carnegie Foundation donated $110,000 to be used for the erection of youth hostels.

When he crosses the Channel, the hosteler finds a hostel in Holland every ten or twelve miles. He may sleep in an old Dutch mill under the Zuider Zee or perhaps in one of the quaint little peasant cottages nestled along the dikes. In Czechoslovakia he learns that the Minister of Education expects all high school students to travel the hostel trail as part of their extracurricular activities.

All good hostelers envision a hostel trail that will encircle the globe. With the aid of the easily understood sign or picture-language it would then be possible for young people to travel with ease and safety anywhere they might care to roam.

WHEN first I heard of youth hostels, I thought, "Just another youth movement or social organization with a creed and a program and all that sort of thing." But hostelers are quick to deny the existence of anything resembling a program as part of the aims of their organization. A hostel is a facility for travel, a wayside inn where, for the standard charge of twenty-five cents, overnight accommodation may be obtained. It provides separate dormitories for boys and for girls, a common room for evening get-togethers, washrooms, a self-cook kitchen, and a self-serve dining room.

As part of the rugged freedom of the out-of-doors, the hostelers usually prepare their own meals. If, however, for any reason they are unable to do this, they may obtain good substantial fare at surprisingly low cost. After a day of hiking or cycling it is good to know that there is a big meal of plain food and a soft bed at the end of the road.

Being well organized, hostels have a few simple but sensible rules. All lights must be out by 10.30 p.m. The hostels must be vacant, and the hostelers off on their journeys by nine o'clock on the following morning. However, if the guests wish to spend considerable time exploring the adjacent countryside, arrangements may be made to enable them to remain for three days. A very strict rule prohibits drinking and smoking on the hostel premises. The use of hostels is restricted to hikers, cyclists, saddle enthusiasts, canoeists and skiers. They are not open to motorists and motorcyclists, and hitchhiking among the members is frowned upon by the Association. On arrival the traveller presents his card of membership in the C. Y. H. to the warden, whose duty is then to look after his comfort and safety for the night.

The age limits are from four to ninety-four, so youth hosteling is open to all who feel young enough to thrill to the prospect of spending a week or more "roughing it" out where the air is pure and the whole realm of nature is a playground. No experience is needed, but you do have to be able to "take it," for hosteling is not an easy life by any means. There is nowhere one could use luxurious equipment, even if one could bring it along. Hosteling demands simple living, bereft of creature comforts. It demands, too, a sincere spirit of good fellowship and a willingness to co-operate. One of the unwritten rules of the fraternity is, "Always try to leave a hostel cleaner and tidier than it was when you came to it." Those who have experienced the trail tell of the infectious spirit of unselfishness and good fellowship that they have encountered. It is this *esprit de corps* that not only makes good hostelers but makes hostelers good citizens.

Dorothy Allen, Organizing Secretary of C. Y. H., has this to say about this aspect of youth hosteling: "While I was at A. Y. H. headquarters at Northfield, people wrote to thank us for what hosteling had done for their children's resourcefulness and how it had given them a love and knowledge of the outdoors which they would have been unable to obtain in any other way. We are proud of what we have already achieved in Canada and we are looking forward to being of service to Canadian parents. It is with this in mind that we are trying to build up youth hosteling, and with the support we expect to get everywhere, once the public has obtained an accurate picture of what we intend to do, we will have some of the finest hostels to be found anywhere.

"There is in Canada a certain amount of unhealthy provincialism which must be broken down. We believe that the better understanding of each other's problems and the exchange of ideas which inevitably comes with travel will do much to consolidate the national and political life of the Dominion."

Alberta enthusiasts building Canada's first hostel at Bragg Creek

## Backstage at Ottawa

*Continued from page 8*

reported absent because he wasn't on the platform, but modestly among the delegates, had voted.) Whether this was because Bennett wished to leave the convention to decide for itself must be a matter of conjecture. But many felt that his presence on the platform would have been a better gesture, that a closing word from him to the convention in favor of its choice would have produced an enthusiasm that was lacking.

As it was, without any "laying of hands" on the victor by anybody in authority, the curtain of the convention went down on the wrong note, leaving a feeling of uneasiness. That night at the Chateau Laurier, when the delegates were preparing to go home, there were misgivings. It was as though everybody, or many, sensed that what had promised to be a great gathering, and which had been faultlessly organized from the standpoint of its mechanics, left something to be desired.

Two strangest roles at the convention were played by two men once high in the party councils: W. D. Herridge and H. H. Stevens. Stevens, back in the Tory tabernacle, shrunk from the possibility of creating a new schism. For a day he wavered under an offer of support if he would stand for the leadership. But when he met Quebec delegates, supposed to be for him, only to find that his following was negligible, he faded from the scene, passed into the obscurity of a docile member of the resolutions committee. Long in the wilderness, a pariah in Parliament, few doubt that he will stand behind Manion.

Different was Herridge. No one at the convention understood his strategy or his purpose. Refusing to appear before the resolutions committee to fight for his policies, and ignoring the delegates, he appeared on the convention platform in the final moments to damn the party and all its pomps and works with the fierceness and the fervor of a Savonarola. No one but a Herridge, a brother-in-law of Mr. Bennett, a Privy Councillor and a former Minister to Washington, could have made the speech that he made and escaped violence. And the speech took courage. Herridge knew, must have known, that so far as the Conservative Party was concerned, he was signing his own death warrant. Yet he never faltered. What his future will be now, where he will go, to what party or group he will appeal, nobody knows.

OF THE resolutions adopted, commonly called a "platform," not much need be said. "Platforms," said Mr. Fielding, "are made to get in on." This Conservative platform wasn't made for that; it was made to avoid trouble. Agreeing to disagree, the resolutions committee drew up a set of declarations which resembled Mr. Bennett's radio speeches about as much as water resembles ink. About the only forthright declaration made was against unification of railways, and that came only after a bitter battle behind the scenes. Unification had its champions, some of them tough, but when the Western delegates declared that unification was the one thing they had been instructed to oppose, the proposition collapsed.

All other resolutions adopted—health legislation, unemployment insurance, protection for fishermen, defense and imperial relations—had a familiar ring. Neither radical nor reactionary, neither collectivist nor individualist, they could have been subscribed to by Mr. King as readily as by Dr. Manion. Even the tariff resolution, in which the party reaffirmed its allegiance to protection, might have been lifted holus-bolus from the last budget speech of Mr. Charles Dunning.

Actually, this convention did not reveal the Conservative Party as possessed of any rigid political philosophy. Nor can it be regarded as bound rigidly by the resolutions it adopted—or failed to adopt. Resolutions committees are not representative, are not elected by the delegates. That a party, or a party leader, should be bound by the pieces they put together, and which can't be more than recommendations at best, isn't sensible. Mr. King was right (though he was roundly abused for it) when he called the Liberal platform a chart.

Nor is it strictly accurate to say that the resolutions are passed upon by the convention as a whole. They aren't. On that last afternoon, when the delegates were waiting impatiently for the balloting, and the various resolutions were being read (and carried), few knew what they were about—or cared. A resolution expressing confidence in the Pope might have been carried unanimously. The stark reality is that a party can only declare for certain principles, can't get down to specific details. The Conservative Party's real course will be determined by its leader, Dr. Manion, if or when he becomes Prime Minister.

Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

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NOTE In some parts of Canada Roman Meal will henceforth be known as Dr. Jackson Meal—this is a change in name only; the product itself remains unchanged.

# Matter of Fact

By NENBY ASNBERY

A most amazing statistical picture is that during the nineteenth century the population of the world increased more than during the previous million years. In 1800 there was an aggregate of about 750 million people in the world, and in 1900 this had increased to nearly 1,700 million. The population stands at about 2,000 million today.

★

The per capita wealth of Switzerland is over $3,000. The per capita wealth of the United States is less than $2,000. There are few rich men in Switzerland to pad the average. Out of a population of 4,000,000 there are 2,800,000 savings-bank accounts in Switzerland. Unemployment is under two per cent. There is little abject poverty. The poorest group is probably the peasant farmers of the High Alps.

★

The *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie* cannot go through the locks of the Panama Canal. The steamers are a few feet too long although there is width enough to accommodate them.

★

The five northern provinces of China are Hopei, Chahar, Shantung, Shansi and Suiyuan. They have a combined area of 390,000 square miles, much larger than any European country excepting Russia in Europe, and a population of 82,000,000. They are rich in wheat, cotton, iron, coal, and other materials much desired by Japan. Before the war these provinces contributed about forty per cent of the wheat production of all China, fifty-one per cent of the millet, sheep ninety per cent of the wool, thirty four per cent of the cotton, seventy per cent of the coal, forty per cent of the iron, twenty-eight per cent of the trade and twenty per cent of the national revenue of the whole country—despite the enormous leakage amounting to millions due to Japanese smuggling and interference with the customs.

★

The fishing industry is the fifth largest in Great Britain. About 2,250 tons of fish are consumed every day by the public. There are 300 fish merchants in Billingsgate, London, and each is a weekly tenant of the City Corporation. Despite this week-to-week lease several of them go back 200 years in an unbroken line. Their tenancy is based on the number of square feet of pavement which comprise their stand. The rate is eighteen cents per square foot per week.

★

The difference in secretions of human sweat glands and the variability of the acidity of the skin accounts for the fact that some persons attract insects such as mosquitoes, while others are apparently immune.

# Doctor Manion

Continued from page 9

What next? The Conservative hierarchy has its doubts. It likes "Bob" Manion, admires him, it cannot yet see him in the robes of old Sir John. Somehow it reasons, or perhaps just fears, he is not in the leadership tradition, not of the purple. Party hierarchies are that way. They doubted Laurier when he succeeded Blake, doubted Borden when he succeeded Tupper, doubted James Whitney in Ontario. "Laurier," said a veteran Liberal to J. W. Dafoe, "will never make a leader."

History, which rose in judgment on those past doubts, may repeat itself with Manion. And Manion, whatever fate may bring him, will be his own master.

He has courage. A fighter all his life, giving and taking on the lacrosse field, the battlefield and the political field, he is his own captain. He was no "yes man" to Bennett. When Bennett, in the House of Commons, sought to silence him, he flared in defiance, had his say. Nor did he apologize later. He resented Bennett's interference with his department, talked back to him in council and got all it, resisted while others surrendered or sulked.

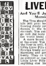
Bennett, one suspected, never liked him. When Manion fell in 1935, and as the party's best swordsman he was left lying on the field, no offer came of a constituency for him, no word of regret. Manion, proud and sensitive, was hurt, never thereafter crossed the Bennett threshold. When he wrote in his book that Bennett "would have made a good bishop," "R. B." was hurt in turn. Thereafter the two men went their respective ways. Which was dictated by their temperaments.

Manion knows well that not by grace of the "Old Guard" is he the party leader. A peril for him is that, knowing it, he will keep a memory of it, a grudge. Laurier once told Michael Clark that magnanimity was the great need of politics. Borden once told Manion to cultivate patience. If Manion can forget grudges, cultivate patience, his path will be less hard. Perhaps the hero whose life he has studied most—Abraham Lincoln—will now stand him in good stead.

Nor will Manion be the puppet of any province, group, or creed. That he was the candidate of Quebec's Mr. Duplessis is demonstrably untrue. Actually Manion has never met, spoken to, nor seen Maurice Duplessis in his life. And while the Quebec delegates who voted and shouted for Manion in Ottawa in July may have been Duplessis men, they were in the Dominion field Conservatives; they voted and shouted without pledges.

Linked to Quebec by intimate ties—his wife, a French-Canadian, comes of stock which fought behind Sir John Macdonald and which played a part in the old Parliament of Lower Canada—he will work for unity of races in Canada, try healing of racialism with understanding and goodwill. If he succeeds, it will not be at the price of treason to English speaking Canada. Nor will failure, should it come, come from lack of generous trying.

Solution of the crossword puzzle on page 34



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One of the most difficult problems facing a man of executive calibre is to sell himself as a prospective employee. My confidential service solves this problem. I bring the executive and the job together. I have constant requests from employers for men of executive type. I am ready to qualify a few selected men and present their qualifications to employers seeking new talent for their executive staffs. I will consider only men whose past records will stand closest scrutiny and who can supply impeccable references. Write for details.

J. B. FRASER
Executive Placement Consultant
38 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont.

Cheaper HEAT Without COAL

New Invention Fits any Stove or Range—30 Days Free Trial. [illegible] TRY 30 DAYS AT OUR RISK. [illegible] Write for FREE CATALOG. AGENTS and spare time workers [illegible]

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad. She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft, smooth and beautiful.

FOR Free BOOKLET

Write—The Stillman Co. 64 Wellington St. W. Toronto, Ont.

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 69c

Planning a Motor Trip?

25c

You'll want a copy of "Motor Camping" by Porter Varney. This little book is packed with useful, practical information for motor campers. Where and how to go and what to take. Complete plans for building your own box to a house trailer. Fully illustrated.

TRANS-CANADA NEWS COMPANY
1 ? Dundas St. W., Toronto

HEMORRHOIDS
Quick Relief or Money Back

Thousands have already found quick relief from the pain and nervous strain of irritating Piles. Get good old Mentholatum, the time-tested remedy. It's a boon and a blessing to sufferers. A 30c tube of Mentholatum will bring you soothing relief and lasting comfort. Applicator sent free on request to Mentholatum Co., Fort Erie N., Ont.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD

The Cream to protect the skin before the long, hard game. No worry about sunburn or shiny skin.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

PARIS PATÉ
The Tasty Dainty Sandwich Spread

# The Barr Colony

I WAS quite interested in the article on the Barr Colony by Captain Tweedale in the issue of May 15. The author's name seems familiar to me, as I spent a year among those people during the trying times he mentions. It brought the whole thing back to my mind again—horses dying along the Battleford trail for want of proper feed and care, the blind trying to lead the blind, and the whole procession becoming mired in the bog holes he mentions. His description is an accurate one, although at times he may take advantage of an "author's license" and exaggerate a bit. For instance, why did the Colonists have so much difficulty at Eagle Creek? Why did they leave the well beaten trail and seek other ways of descending the hill? No wonder they had upsets and trouble. Lack of proper leadership was, as he says, the cause of many of their difficulties. I know that old trail well, and there are no bog holes on it, but the Barr Colonists often followed wrong trails and did finish up in the mud. The answer given by one of them at that time was: "Well, the trail went there, and I followed it." He had followed an old hay trail into the water.

Their route was over the old Edmonton trail, starting at Saskatoon and going through Old Battleford, then on west. The prairie fire he mentions must have overtaken them in the swampy sandhill country fifty miles west of Battleford, but even there the danger would not be of any account unless one were caught in the middle of a bog swamp. I do not remember that fire, although I was there at the time, but we did have one in the fall that cleaned off that section, and the crocuses came out in bloom at the beginning of November—something I never heard of before or since.

I was pleased he gave Barr credit for what he did, but he wrote the truth when he said Barr undertook an impossible task alone. An angel could not have handled that aggregation successfully, for they brought many of their troubles with them. They blamed Barr for lack of tents and ground sheets, and that summer I purchased one of the latter from a man for seventy five cents, as he had his pigpen roofed with them. He also had quite a large camp, and I asked him how he secured so many of these articles when others had none. "Nobody seemed to be in charge," he said, "so I took just what I wanted." He gave me to understand that where they came from it was "every man for himself," and he thought the rule still held good here. I differ with the writer about the hospital, as the equipment was there though it may not all have been set up. They each paid one pound toward it and were to receive one year's medical attention in return. I picked up one of these certificates on the trail and have often been sorry I did not keep it as a curio.

The MacLaverty family came out with the Barr Colonists, but illness caused them to settle east of Battleford.

The Colony store was co-operative and the shareholders would not patronize it, preferring to take a week and shop at Battleford or two weeks and go to Saskatoon. The result was the store went out of business. Barr had a large shipment of potatoes sent down the river from Edmonton in scows to Fort Pitt, just north of the Colony, but the Colonists were so bitter against him that they would not buy them, so he ordered the potatoes down to Battleford to be sold there. Then the new committee in charge found it necessary to buy them at an increased price and freight them back 100 miles by wagon. The whole thing was the greatest disorganized mixup I have ever seen. As the author says, they "muddled through," but at what a cost! Thousands of dollars worth of horses lying dead along the trail and many more elsewhere, equipment ruined for want of experienced leaders, unnecessary suffering and hardship for the women and children because some of the men made no move to erect houses until the winter was upon them. That article has brought back to my mind scores of incidents, amusing and sad, that came to my notice during the year I was in that part.

Barr had a plan, and in spite of things going wrong I believe he would have done all that any human could do, but the new committee had neither a plan nor knowledge of conditions. The author mentions that some of the original Colonists still reside there, a sure case of the "survival of the fittest," but from what I saw those who made good the first year were those who broke away and started "on their own" all along the trail, where they mixed with experienced old settlers who helped and taught them, with the result that in the fall they had wonderful garden crops to store away. Their animals also fared better and they had plenty of feed for the winter. They gained several years over those who remained in the Colony without teachers or experienced neighbors.

Just a word to show the nature of some of the difficulties met with by those who were sent in to help them. Old John Todd was a half breed guide well known all through the Battleford country and his work was to place them on their land. He stood a man on the corner mound and, pointing north, said to him, "Now you see that line." The man looked to right and left and strained his eyes, then said to his friend, "Tom, you get up here and see if you can see any line." It is said that John Todd quit his job right then.

Yes, they "muddled through."—Rev. James A. Donaghy, Stockton, Man.

# Letters

### Commissioner Wood's Ancestry

In reference to the article "Chief of the Mounted," Assistant Commissioner Zachary Taylor Wood, C.M.G., was a great-grandson of Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States, and not a grandson as stated in your article. His grandfather, Surgeon-General Robert C. Wood of the United States army, married a daughter of that President.

The statement that Jefferson Davis commanded the privateer *Tallahassee* is about as strange a piece of information as ever appeared in print. As he was President of the Confederacy it is doubtful whether the command of a privateer would have appealed to him. In any case the *Tallahassee* was commanded by Captain John Taylor Wood (father of Zachary Taylor Wood). He rendered distinguished service to the Confederacy. He recruited the crew of the *Merrimac* and commanded the after division of that ironclad in the famous fight with the *Monitor* at Hampton Road.

Later he commanded the *Tallahassee*—formerly the *Atlanta*. He took this cruiser out of Halifax harbor by way of the eastern passage one dark night in August, 1864. Neither before nor since that time has any large ship passed through this shallow waterway with its tortuous channel and many sand bars. Two Federal cruisers waited in vain for their prey. They were in the main ship channel on the Western side of McNab's Island. This daring feat was accomplished only by aid of an exceptionally high tide and skillful navigation by Pilot "Jock" Fleming. However the British Government hastened to fortify the eastern shores of Halifax harbor!

At the close of the war Captain Wood, with a price upon his head, in company with Secretary Breckenridge and one other man escaped from Florida to Cuba in an open boat. Breckenridge went to London, England, and Captain Wood made his way to Halifax. Perhaps he was influenced in this decision by the kindly reception given to the *Tallahassee* in 1864. For years he engaged in the shipping business and died in Halifax in 1904. —Roy Nicholson, Halifax.

All credit to Reader Roy Nicholson for setting the record straight. The historical references were secured in good faith from a supposedly impeccable source, and while well aware that *the* Jefferson Davis was President of the Confederacy I assumed that the *Tallahassee* commander must have been a namesake. However I took the precaution of submitting the entire article to R.C.M.P. Commissioner S. T. Wood before publication and he found no fault with any of its facts. I have since shown him Mr. Nicholson's scholarly letter which brought his attention for the first time to the challenged points; they had quite escaped him when he read my manuscript.—Richard Finnie, Carp, Ont.

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### Western Reply to Premier Hepburn

Please print this letter as an answer to Premier Hepburn's attacks on the people of the drought area of the West.

I live in the drought area of Southwestern Manitoba. Our five municipalities between 1906 and 1928 produced and sold 250 million dollars worth of grain and livestock. Most of this money was used to buy necessities and luxuries which were bought from Eastern Canada, a large part of it went to buy farm machinery and pay interest on money loaned our farmers on first mortgage by investors in Ontario.

Expenditures for relief in these five municipalities in the drought and grasshopper years totalled five million dollars. In 1937 we harvested the first crop in seven years. These five municipalities sold over five million dollars worth of grain and livestock products. Practically all of this money was used by the farmers to buy necessities. Thus in one year we returned to the people of Canada all the amount that was spent in relief in seven years.

Our people are the best stock in Canada; we are ninety per cent English speaking and of Anglo-Saxon blood. The story of the struggle of our people to retain their homes through the ravages of drought and grasshoppers and the pressure of certain mortgage companies to obtain possession of the farms, is one of the most thrilling and heroic in the history of Canada. I say without fear of contradiction that the majority of our people did not apply for or take relief until it was a choice of that or starvation. It ill becomes the Premier of a great province to cast slurs on our Western farmers because through no fault of their own they had to accept relief from our Governments.

Would Mr. Hepburn have stuck to his farm through seven years of drought, dust storms and grasshoppers? — Gordon McLaren, Provincial Director, Souris District, United Farmers of Manitoba, Pipestone, Man.

### Wheat Pools and Farm Clubs

I read with much enjoyment and approval Frederick Edwards' very fine article, "New Zest for Farming," in your June 1 number. But there seemed to be something lacking in the seasoning which affected the flavor. Some essential ingredient had been omitted. Then I realized that the Wheat Pools had been left out.

The three Wheat Pool organizations of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have wisely invested many thousands of dollars annually in Farm Club activities. In his convocation address at the University of Saskatchewan, May 13, President J. S. Thomson made this kind acknowledgement:

> "The Saskatchewan Co-operative Wheat Pools have also continued their splendid support of our Extension Department by a donation of $7,500 for work among young people."

The Alberta Wheat Pool has been the mainstay of the Junior Wheat Club in that province and has done all in its power to encourage its young farm people since the movement was started. Teams of boys trained in the Alberta Wheat Club movement have won high honors at the Toronto Royal Winter Fair and the Chicago International.

The Manitoba Pool organization is equally enthusiastic in support of this splendid movement, which is doing so much for a happier and more prosperous agricultural industry.

I am sure the omission was not intentional. More power to Mr. Edwards' elbow.—W. A. MacLeod, Director of Publicity, Canadian Co-operative Wheat Producers, Ltd., Winnipeg.

ATHLETE'S FOOT
breeds on Hot, Perspiring Feet

Athlete's Foot germs thrive in perspiration—enter through cracking skin

CRACKS between your toes are GERM POCKETS
–Drench them Tonight

● Perspiration breeds Athlete's Foot. When the damp, soggy skin cracks open, you may already have the dread disease. The insidious Athlete's Foot germs get in those cracks and spread through the tissues. Toes get red and itchy—the skin dies in patches—peels off painfully. And you know you're another miserable victim of Athlete's Foot.

Public health authorities estimate 50% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time.

The minute you find a crack between your toes, pour on Absorbine Jr.

- It dries the damp, soggy skin between the toes.
- It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
- It kills Athlete's Foot fungi.
- It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.

Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample address W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites.

ABSORBINE JR.
...Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

## In Fewer Words

**More Trouble For Ireland**—James Montgomery, the Irish film censor, is quoted as saying that his office places him between the devil and the Holy See, and that what threatens Ireland is not Anglicization but Losangelization.—New York *Times*

**Don't Forget Them**—A writer of spring-cleaning notes points out that the appearance of strange lumps after papering a wall is probably a sign that the paste was too thick. Or again, that you omitted to take down the pictures first.—Moncton *Transcript*

**Once Upon a Time**—A magistrate rules that because a man owns his own house it does not mean nowadays that he has money; it merely means he had money.—Ottawa *Journal*

**Beware of the Lady**—Once upon a time men used to get out of the way of women drivers through a sense of chivalry. Now it's sheer panic.—Montreal *Star*

**Headlines and Facts**—"All our life," says a woman writer, "we've been hearing that the world is just on the verge of falling to pieces, and every morning we get up and look out the window, and there it is."—Galt *Reporter*

**Smart People**—We smiled at the British ornithologist who specializes in showing young birds how to fly, but how about the smart people who pick up a nice living teaching women how to talk?—Montreal *Herald*

**Success at Last**—Then there is the fable about the musical genius who gave the best years of his life to perfect a melody. At last success came and it was adopted as the theme song for a pretzel company broadcast.—Kingston *Whig-Standard*

**Modern Hardship**—The woman who used to carry the butter and milk to the old spring house has a daughter who grumbles because the electric refrigerator is on the opposite side of the kitchen.—Vancouver *News-Herald*

—Drawn for Maclean's by J. Simpkins.

"Shh, don't wake him! I only want the tusks."

# Wit and Wisdom

—Drawn for Maclean's by Henry Boltinoff.

**Quite a Feat**—A mountaineer claims to have climbed over 50,000 feet last year. Few cinema patrons could equal this record.—Regina *Leader Post*.

**When Not to Smile**—The man worth while, says a psychologist, is the man who can smile when everything is going wrong. But he makes an exasperating caddie.—Fredericton *Gleaner*

## Maybe Adam Laughed at These

**Tricking the Minister**—A minister was asked by one of his least respectable members to say prayers on Sunday for Anna Bell. The clergyman did so. A few days later the pastor asked the church member if he desired the prayers for Anna Bell to be repeated. "No, thank you, kindly," replied the church member, "she won last Monday at seven to one."—Edmonton *Journal*

**No More Worry**—Husband: "I've insured my life for $15,000, so that if anything happens to me you will be provided for."

Wife: "How nice and thoughtful. Now you won't have to see a doctor every time you feel sick, will you?"—Parry Sound *Star*

**Tommy Knew**—"What is it that fine feathers make, Tommy?"

"I don't know, teacher."

"Oh, yes, you do know. Now think—fine feathers make fine—"

"I really don't know, teacher."

"Yes, you do, Tommy. It begins with the letter 'b.'"

"Oh, yes—beds, teacher!"—Brantford *Expositor*

**Too Late**—Young Husband (breathless): "I got your phone message at the office and came at once. What's happened?"

Young Wife: "You're too late. Baby had his toes in his mouth and he looked so pretty."—Port Arthur *News-Chronicle*

# SHOTS and ANGLES

### By ANN ROSS

### Three Blind Mice

THIS IS about three chicken-raising sisters who decide to invest a small legacy in a rich husband. The girls have little to offer except their looks, but since they are Loretta Young, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore, this is plenty. Loretta, being practical as well as beautiful, has the theory that it is as easy to fall in love with a rich man as with a poor one and a lot more comfortable. So the three head for Santa Barbara, Loretta posing as an heiress, and Marjorie and Pauline as maid and secretary. It isn't long before Loretta sights two fine prospects in the persons of Joel McCrea and David Niven. But, as it turns out, the one she loves (Joel McCrea) needs an heiress as badly as she needs a millionaire, and the complications are enhanced by Binnie Barnes, who wants Joel for herself.

It's all very light and gay, and everyone is wonderfully dressed, including the boys, who wear for dressier occasions tropical evening clothes enriched by cummerbunds. "Three Blind Mice" won't weigh you down with its problems. But who wants to be weighed down in hot weather?

### You and Me

"YOU AND ME" may not be the year's most distinguished picture, but it is certainly one of the oddest. Directed by Fritz Lang, it is a weird combination of impressionistic cinema, social philosophy and old-time hokum. This is the story of prison-paroled people working in a departmental store which engages in rehabilitation side by side with retail trade. The lesson of the film is that crime doesn't pay, and Sylvia Sidney demonstrates this mathematically with chalk on a blackboard to a group of fellow-parolees who have broken into the store. All of which is soundly educational, but doesn't make for what is known in the trade as socko entertainment.

Parole violation is the theme of "You and Me." Parolees, it seems, mustn't marry. But Sylvia Sidney and George Raft do, and get into terrible trouble. In the end, with the slate washed clean, they get married all over, with their baby attending the ceremony. . . . Well, we told you it was an odd picture.

Sylvia Sydney and George Raft in the Paramount picture, "You and Me."

### Crime School

THE "Dead End" boys—the whole tough, dirty, disreputable, talented set of them—get into reformatory school in their latest film. It's a junior penitentiary of the good old kind, with a grafting, brutal warden (Cy Kendal), atrocious food and a cat-o'-nine-tails for the boys who won't behave. Then Humphrey Bogart, the new deputy commissioner, comes in, fires the warden and goes through the whole place like Snow White, cleaning up the mess and making everything comfortable and livable. One of the boys (Leo Gorcey) is the "Grumpy" of the piece, won't succumb to the new warden, won't co-operate and finally gets everyone, including himself, into plenty of trouble.

"Crime School," however, is no fairy tale. It's a tough and realistic study of budding criminals. Apart from a rather perfunctory romance between Humphrey Bogart and Gale Page, it is also an absorbing and believable story. Not everyone will like this picture, but everybody except the very young should see it.

### Professor, Beware!

HAROLD LLOYD, spry and shy as ever, is back after two years, this time as a befuddled archaeologist whose problem is to get from Los Angeles to New York in time to catch an expedition to Egypt. Pursued by motorcycle cops and mobs of citizens, he travels cross-country on freight trains, cattle cars, fire-fighting apparatus and practically everything else on wheels, and lands finally in the New York Harbor, weighted down by a precious stone table whose hieroglyphics read "April Fool."

Harold Lloyd is a wise enough comedian to know that a chase sequence plus the reliable sap-makes-good formula is as good today as when he was a boy; also that losing one's pants, however old as a predicament, is eternally fresh as a gag. Phyllis Welch, Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn are among the people involved in Mr. Lloyd's flight. This is as wild and funny a picture as Harold Lloyd has ever made. Our guess is that he will need another two years to recover from his bruises and get his breath back. Fine family entertainment.

### The Sign Post

**The Rage of Paris.**—The newcomer Danielle Darrieux with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in an engaging and quite innocent bedroom farce. For grown-ups.

**The Toy Wife.**—Louisiana and the spoiled Southern belle once more. With Luise Rainer. Bette Davis in "Jezebel" stole this picture without setting foot on the lot.

**Holiday.**—Ann Harding's original film success, this time with Katharine Hepburn as the Deb who thought money wasn't any fun. A Hepburn triumph.

**The Adventures of Robin Hood.**—The old Sherwood Forest legend beautifully presented in technicolor with Errol Flynn as Robin Hood. A family film.

WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT A PURE OIL!
QUAKER STATE

Your automobile requires pure oil . . . oil that will not break down into sludge, carbon or corrosion-forming elements.

*Acid-Free Quaker State* is a scientific achievement in motor oil *purity*. In four, great modern refineries . . . operating under the most exacting control . . . the finest Pennsylvania crude oil is freed of all impurities. Every drop of *Acid-Free Quaker State* is rich, pure lubricant. Quaker State Oil Refining Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

*Buy* Acid-Free Quaker State
*it Makes Cars Run Better, Last Longer*

"SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO!"

Dirty Plugs make a car sluggish
AND ROB YOU OF GASOLINE

For only 5¢ a plug you can drive a snappier, smoother engine—and save as much gas as one gallon in ten. Just have your spark plugs cleaned at any Registered AC Cleaning Station . . . while you wait.

●

REPLACE PLUGS THAT ARE BADLY WORN

Made in Canada

AC CLEANING STATION

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
There's one at your neighborhood dealer, garage or service station where plugs are cleaned by the AC Method.

AC QUALITY SPARK PLUGS
UNITED MOTORS SERVICE - AC - PACKARD CABLE DIVISION
General Motors Products of Canada, Limited, Oshawa

THURSO in Labelle County Quebec is no teeming metropolis, but it has its grand occasions, when the good country folk drive in from miles around to celebrate some local festivity. One such large evening was in progress recently in the form of a school closing including a musical recital by the pupils all of whom had vied one with the other to bring an especially nice souvenir gift for teacher. We hear of a certain Mrs. Blank whose small daughter was one of the performers, and who after depositing the child at the school took advantage of the opportunity to do some timely shopping. Arriving for the concert a bit breathless just as the program was opening she hastily dumped her accumulated bundles on a convenient table and hurried into the Assembly Hall. After the recital two big trays heaped with packages of every conceivable shape and size and wrapped in every possible color and design of paper covering were carried in and the ceremony of presenting teacher's gifts began. Each presentation was greeted with loud applause especially from the excited little donor until at last only one parcel was left, a rather large rectangular package plainly wrapped in ordinary brown paper and looking mysteriously out of place among the more elaborate offerings. As the chairman unwound the coverings and exposed the contents an astonished gasp arose from the audience. Loudest of all the gaspers was Mrs Blank who recognized at once the half-dozen bars of laundry soap she had purchased an hour or so previously at the village store.

YOURS EH?–DO A HUNDRED LINES

Bill Didlos, a farm hand of Huron County Ontario, is suffering from a unique sort of car trouble and it all happened because Bill Didlos is a kindly man, fond of animals and until recently ordered his life on the Boy Scouts famed principle of a good deed every day. About to enter his automobile after visiting his lady friend on a dark overcast evening with no moon Bill discovered on the running board a cat in the condition of extreme agitation peculiar to cats in difficulties, spitting and cursing at something that Mr Didlos took to be a dog. Bill kicked at the dog in a well-meant attempt to scare it away from the feline feline and at once discovered that the dog wasn't a dog at all but a furry animal of quite another species. In the excitement the cat got away but Bill Didlos didn't and now he has what amounts to an unendurable problem on his hands. He buried his clothes, but how in heck is he going to bury his car?

◆

**1939** CHEVROLET SEDAN Was $225
Now $159.99
Classified ad in Calgary *Daily Herald*

What's your trade-in allowance on a used 1940 model?

◆

The thriving city of Moncton New Brunswick is famous for quite a number of things as a divisional point on the C N R for its natural gas, and its celebrated Petitcodiac River tidal wave The Bore. Now the ambitious citizens of Moncton are claiming that they possess the smallest public park in the world. The park about one foot in diameter, was planted with a municipally maintained flower bed to cover a yawning hole in the sidewalk left when a discarded telephone pole was removed from a downtown street corner. It has been named officially Stanley Park, not after the somewhat larger public demesne in Vancouver but in honor of Traffic Officer Stanley Richard who after years of service at that intersection is being shifted to another post because a new traffic light installation makes his presence there no longer necessary.

When Mr Joe Louis of Detroit ferociously hammered the daylights out of Mr Max Schmeling of Germany in the record time of two minutes and four seconds last June the unusual finish erupted a deluge of remarkable incidents, many of which have been passed on by industrious *Parade* correspondents. There was the Toronto man a sufferer from arthritis who had been more or less bedridden for months. An ardent fight fan he desired greatly to hear the radio broadcast, so his sympathetic family carried him downstairs to the living room. He listened intently for just 124 seconds as Louis battered Schmeling into submission. Then, angry and disgusted at the abrupt conclusion of the entertainment he got up from the couch where he had been so tenderly laid uttered one crisp and profane word of bitter criticism and stamped wrathfully back upstairs to bed totally forgetting that he hadn't walked unaided for ever so long.

An operative living in Amherst N.S. sends us a copy of the sporty *Border Post* of that city containing the following notable paragraph offered as the ultimate in confused misstatement

> Or it may swing through ten, twelve or fifteen rounds with Schmeling the conqueror succeeding where such immortals as Corbett Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and Dempsey failed

—

Comes Miss R G Fu, of Calgary with the report that a local picture theatre displayed this sign, after the event

Louis-Schmeling Fight Pictures
Riotous Comedy
Starring Alice Brady Charles Winninger
Tommy Riggs

—

And Mr Paul W Fox, of Barrie Ont knows of an enthusiastic sportsman who flew from Los Angeles to New York for the great occasion. His plane was late and he reached his ringside seat a minute after the battle began. Tense and excited, he reached for a cigarette dragged his case from his pocket dropped it stooped down and fumbled around on the floor until he had recovered it lifted his head for a first good look at the ring—and went back to Los Angeles without having actually seen a single blow struck.

—

Finally Miss Margery Upton also of Calgary dropped *Parade* a line *before the fight* to inform us that Station CFRC had announced that to make way for the fight broadcast the program usually presented at that time would be suspended. The program was called "Anything May Happen"

It did Miss Upton, it did.

◆

Sincere admiration, even a slight tinge of awe, is our reaction to the exceptional perspicacity and human understanding displayed by Magistrate Palmer of the Saint John N B police court who, after postponing a minor case brought before him until the Monday following was reminded by the shocked Mr J Starr Tait defense counsel that Monday was Circus Day in Saint John. Hesitating not a moment, the sagacious cadi decreed

"Very well. We'll set Tuesday morning at 10.30"

◆

One of *Parade's* most promising undercover recruits, residing in Medicine Hat Alberta submits as his first official report the tale of the Mountie and the Lady. This young and handsome constable of the R C M P is very much interested in the Lady a recent acquaintance and strives to please her to the limit of his considerable abilities. A few evenings back he planned to escort her to a dance and called for her at her home. Leaving the house, the Lady was thrilled to see a smart roadster drawn up at the curb before her door and still more thrilled when as the couple approached the car the Mountie asked her if she wanted to drive. She declined the honor so he settled himself behind the wheel and the party was on. Arrived at their intended destination they found that the dance had been postponed and the Mountie suggested that since it was a beautiful summer night a nice long drive would be a smart idea. But we'll need some gas said the Mountie and the Lady said whatever you think. The Mountie bought gas, and the happy couple drove around Medicine Hat for a while then out into the country and then back into town again. It was dark when they returned to the Lady's home and the Mountie thoughtfully offered to put the car in the garage for her. But it isn't my car said the Lady I thought it was your car. But I thought it was your car the now thoroughly out-of-countenance Mountie told her and if it isn't your car in heaven's name whose car is it? They found that out at city police headquarters, where the enraged owner had reported his new automobile as stolen hours before and now it is as much as a man's life is worth to ask that particular Mountie if he has been taking his girl driving lately.

SINCE YOU LIKE AUTO RIDES
P.D.

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# The Leisure League

## *Invites you to be happy . . .*
## *. . . with a Hobby!*

HAVE you always wanted to do something, but never had the chance? Have you wanted to get away from your regular responsibilities and worries — to try your hand at the things that you would like to do just for the fun of it? Perhaps this announcement will help make the opportunity available to you as it has to thousands of others.

The bookkeeper wants to be a musician — the secretary to write short stories — the banker enjoys working with tools. Each craves a relief from the regular daily task *What do YOU want?* All you have to do is answer that urge Take up your hobby! It costs so little — and means so much!

MUSIC

INVENTION

MICROSCOPY

ASTRONOMY

GARDENING

CHESS

## What is the Leisure League ?

The Leisure League of America is a non-profit organization, supported in part by contributions It aims to gather and make available authentic information on hobbies—in the form of low cost, interesting books—designed to help you find an outlet for self-expression and fun The proceeds are devoted to the collection of information on other hobbies—and to the publication of new books for your further enjoyment.

## Written by Experts

Each of these books is written by an expert, but in language that is clear and understandable These books are just as valuable for beginners as for those who have had experience Whether you want to start a new hobby, or make money out of an old one—or simply have a lot of fun—these Leisure League books will show you how.

## Many Illustrations

Because the Leisure League is a non profit organization, it is possible to sell these books at such an amazingly low cost. The books are uniform in size, 5½″ x 8″, and are designed to form an attractive set, each with a different color on the cover They are profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings

**The Trans-Canada News Company is the Canadian representative of the Leisure League. If you cannot secure these books from your local bookseller, your order for Hobby Books will be filled promptly if you will clip the coupon below, mark on it the titles that you desire, and mail to the Trans-Canada News Company with your remittance Each book costs only 25c, postpaid to your address.**

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